

## Totally regular and not fantastical happenings

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/39245547>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">Other</a>
Fandoms:	<a href="#">Minecraft (Video Game)</a> , <a href="#">Dream SMP</a> , <a href="#">Video Blogging RPF</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Toby Smith   Tubbo</a> , <a href="#">TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Technoblade's Chat (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Phil Watson   Philza</a> , <a href="#">Eret (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Dissociation</a> , <a href="#">Panic Attacks</a> , <a href="#">Anxiety Disorder</a> , <a href="#">Autism Spectrum</a> , <a href="#">Neurodiversity</a> , <a href="#">Phil Watson is Called Philza (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">This Is Not Going To Go The Way You Think</a> , <a href="#">Major Character Injury</a> , <a href="#">Implied/Referenced Character Death</a> , <a href="#">They/Them Pronouns for Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Ranboo-centric (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Platonic Relationships</a> , <a href="#">Platonic Soulmates</a> , <a href="#">Platonic Cuddling</a> , <a href="#">twist ending</a> , <a href="#">How Do I Tag</a> , <a href="#">My First Work in This Fandom</a> , <a href="#">My First AO3 Post</a> , <a href="#">Techno dad supremacy</a> , <a href="#">Body Horror</a> , <a href="#">Psychological Horror</a> , <a href="#">Eating Disorders</a> , <a href="#">Implied/Referenced Self-Harm</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2022-05-26 Updated: 2023-12-01 Words: 35,259 Chapters: 16/?

# Totally regular and not fantastical happenings

by [Cone\\_Emperor](#)

## Summary

Ranboo knew the American education system sucked. But they were also about 99.99% sure the little sex ed they got would've mentioned something about sprouting literal horns.

And a tail.

This couldn't possibly be bad news, could it?

oooo

Or, in which Ranboo's day gets absolutely off-rails.

# ◆PROLOGUE◆

## Chapter Notes

This is just a lil warmup, actual story shall start at chapter one, do not worry internet people!

*Deep down in the slimy, putrid crevices of this poorly drawn catastrophe*

*Lies a mangled terrifying mimic of sentience*

*Deep, deep down in this never ending ravine of muttering and undead mumbling*

*Lies the bones not once, but twice hacked away*

*Deep deep, down down, in this suffocating hellscape of a graveyard,*

*Lies the ashy reminders of neverending paranoia, and a crushing void of loneliness.*

*Despite this, over and over again, there, in the chats of a feeble mind, goes;*

*"You may not rest now, there are monsters nearby*

*..."*

*"You may not rest now, there are monsters nearby*

*You may not rest now, there are monsters nearby*

*...."*

*"You may not rest now, there are monsters nearby*

*You may not rest now, there are monsters nearby*

*You may not rest now, there are monsters nearby*

*You may not rest now, there are monsters nearby*

*You may not rest now, there are monsters nearby*

..."

*Labored breathing in their ear, so, so close. Too close.*

*Oh.*

[◆◆◆]

Ranboo wakes up screaming, and unceremoniously punches the thing closest to their ear.

Ranboo stops screaming.

Why is it so soft?

As sight comes back to them, strongly helped by the rush of adrenaline flowing through them right now, they sigh.

Its a pillow.

A stupid pillow.

Slowly they get up, already grumbling at the awful day that's surely awaiting them. They go up to the mirror to at least try and make themselves presentable for breakfast. Mh, today is a gravity-defying hair day it seems. Ranboo goes to try and flatten their hair the best they can.

**What.**

**The.**

**Actual.**

**Fuck.**

Ranboo screams once more.

But at least, this time, it's justified.

# ◆CHAPTER 1: Totally-not-freaking-out freakout◆

## Chapter Notes

Fixed the tags, did them half-awake and a nasty one somehow managed to get slip in :) Gotta love making newbie mistakes rip, forgive me dear Ao3 gods, for a am but a dumb neurodivergent soul.

Anyway, hope you like this first chapter! Will probably keep the chapters shorter so I can upload more often! I got quite the busy life irl ngl

Ranboo totally *wasn't* freaking out. And they also totally *were not* glad to be home alone that week. Because lord oh so holy, in the event they would have freaked out, which absolutely *wasn't the case*, their scream totally would have bounced itself throughout the tin walls of the old construction, which, obviously was *not* the case since they were absolutely *NOT* freaking out.

Okay maybe they were freaking out. But only the tiniest of bits. Small tiny insignificant freakout.

Because, you see, there's a *slight* bit of a problem greeting them in the mirror that morning.

There was many things in life the teenager knew. Like that fresh fish was their cat's favorite thing, that the earth was not-so-slowly dying, and that they had a god-awful memory.

Ranboo also knew that the American education system sucked ass. But they were was also about 99.99% sure the little sex ed they got would've mentioned something about sprouting literal horns.

...

This had to be a really, really bad dream. Or a cruel prank.

The frazzled teen stared at their reflexion in the mirror. It only stared back in precise, exact, identical fashion. Hesitantly, a hand rose up, temptivaty reaching for one of the disturbing growths on their head. Ranboo nearly started screaming again when their hand made contact. The other hand rose up, and before they knew it, their face was almost pressed into the cold reflective surface, analyzing every inch of this confusing situation. Ranboo tried pulling at them a bit, seeing if they could've possibly started a secret cosplayer arc without their own knowledge, and forgot a part of their outfit before going to sleep, but nope. Unmovable, the horns were fermly anchored to their head, like a weird extension of their skull.

The teenager let out a semi frustrated, semi panicking sigh. The horns, short, and somehow dual color like their freshly dyed monochrome hair, stared back at them in silence.

"What the fuck am I meant to do now?"

The reflection still didn't answer them. They groaned, growing more and more agitated, their body tensing up, and tail swishing wildly behind them.

Wait.

*Tail??????*

Ranboo took a step back, and looked down. The moving behind them stopped as they froze in place. Blurry, in the very bottom of their vision field, sat a weird, also dual color, fluff. Hesitantly, they reached a hand behind, grabbing for something they hoped would not exist.

Sadly, life seemed to have other plans for the teen today.

They found something. They held it, pulled it into their field of vision.

Once again, Ranboo was oh so very glad no one was home, *just in case* they maybe freaked out.

Oh, who were they trying to fool, they *absolutely and completely freaked the ever loving fuck out*, and screamed like a thousand roaches had appeared out of nowhere.

There was a *tail* in their hand. A. *Real. Living. Moving. Tail.* Long and thin, covered in a soft of weird velvety short fur, ended with a feathery poof. And it was attached to them. *Attached. To them.*

Honestly, it was an absolute miracle that they hadn't passed out at this point. Really. Especially because they kinda hadn't eaten anything yet.

Oh.

Breakfast.

Ranboo looked at the clock. Apparently, they had just passed an hour and a half staring at themselves. Ranboo's stomach grumbled loudly.

Double oh.

Maybe they should eat.

Yes, eating, that's *absolutely* what they needed to do right now! The number one most important thing they needed to do right now, mhmh. No, they *absolutely* were *not* trying to avoid having to access the mess they were suddenly trusted in, breakfast was just so, *so* important.

Grabbing the phone off their nightstand, the teen stumbled awkwardly out of their room, immediately to slam themselves into one of the corridor walls.

"Ouch"

Balance with a tail definitely was not the same. *Tail. Oh god they had a tail.*

No!

Nope.

Not thinking about it.

Breakfast is the *priority* right now, above absolutely everything.

Taking support on the now dubbed "emotional support wall", a dizzy Ranboo stared ahead at the stairs awaiting them, separating them from their oh-so-beloved kitchen. Why did they choose and upstairs room yet?

With this, started the most grueling walk of their life.

## ◆CHAPTER 2: Hey, at least it can't get worse! Oh. Oh no.◆

### Chapter Summary

Ranboo goes out. Totally regular and boring moments follow. Mhmmh.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Not to be overdramatic but theses had to be the best cornflakes they *ever* had.

*And they hated cornflakes.*

Seriously though, how was doing *literally* anything so hard now that making a bowl of cereal felt like the greatest accomplishment of their life? What was this, early VR?

Ranboo stared down at the empty bowl in front of them. It didn't stare back. At least *one thing* here was *normal*. Bowls never stare back, they're bowls. A long complaint escaped the teen as they all but splattered the upper half of themselves on the cold wood table. Their horns bonked against the wood, sending a confusing new wave of messages to their nerves. It made it the way to the end of their tail, which twitched and flailed, hitting one of the chair's legs. Which in its turn sent back another wave of confusing messages to the rest of their system.

They couldn't ignore it anymore, *could they*? Tears of confused frustration were starting to blur Ranboo's vision. *They had horns. And a tail.* Which seemingly had popped out of nowhere, in their sleep. And they were *real*. And *not* going away.

*What now?*

*Should they call someone?*

*Who?*

Their parents, being away at yet another work thing overseas definitely couldn't help, and probably would think they were making it up if they tried to explain their current predicament.

They didn't really have any friends that didn't live whole countries away, and the teenager didn't particularly fancy having to try convincing them this whole supernatural problem was real and not a weird prank or another mental-break type episode.

They *certainly* couldn't go to any other family members.

*So what now?*

*Mh.*

Maybe the library would have answers? I mean, yeah, there was the *litteral entirety of the internet* to their fingertips, but Ranboo highly doubted they could find non-fiction works that could help them, and even if they did, it's very likely they'd actually reliable. It's the internet after all.

Plus, the library nearest to them has a lot of really weird, low-key ancient, alternative literature, so that *has* to put up their chances of finding something actually helpful up by like, at least 50%.

Also, this *totally* wasn't partially and excuse to get to calm themselves down a bit with the relaxing vibes of the place. No relations to that *whatsoever*.

They would have to find a way to hide thoses pesky new appendages, though.

...

Walking seemed to have gotten a bit easier, or at least less of a mess by now, having done a fair bit of it around the house, having had to clean themselves up, and wander around trying to find all that they were looking for. Ranboo was quite grateful for that, because they didn't quite know what they would've done if they had to bambi-walk all the way to and from the library.

Now standing in front of the mirror in the entryway, they fretted over their whole disguise once more. A big, red beanie was carefully shoved onto their head, containing the horns, and a bit of their wild fluffy hair, without as much as a sign of the anomalies. A simple white button-up with a detailed lace collar sat underneath their most comfortable black knit cardigan, decorated by a single wire-wrapped chunk of rough rose quartz hanging from a simple silver chain. Ranboo was never the type to hold much belief in abstract things, but crystals were pretty, and learning their spiritual meaning was much more fun than the teen would *ever* want to admit. A long, full length red flowy skirt accentuated their already very lengthy form, but hid to perfection the tail that was carefully wrapped around their leg. Simple worn down black combat boots finished the whole look, dual toned laces matching our protagonist's hair.

*Ugh. Enough with the 2014 character intro. There was more important business to be had here.*

Like the wild shaking their hands were experiencing as they picked up and tossed ye ol' school bag on their back.

*Or the fidgeting in their step.*

*Or the way their eyes couldn't seem to settle in anything anymore.*

Ranboo grabbed the cold crystal at their neck, forcing air into their lungs, slowly. *In, hold, and out.* Repeat. Looking back at their reflexion, this last one stares back with desperate eyes. *In, hold, and out.* It was gonna be okay. *In, hold, and out.*

*It had to be okay.*

...

The librarian's friendly smile almost hurt to see. Waving back, smiling behind a mask grabbed from the entryway last-minute, our tall ball of anxiety quickly made their way to the section that, hopefully, would have at least the beginning of a solution, or at least explanation, for their uncommon problem.

Book descriptions after the other, all of the words seemed to start blurring into each other. So many subjects to filter through, titles to sift through, indexes to analyze. *So. Much. Words.*

*But!* Ever so slowly, some progress seemed to be made. Ranboo now had two books in their arms. One was an old research compilation-log dated back a few couple of decades about weird anomalies found in his region over the years, with pictures. Another was a man's essay about his own journey dealing with sudden supernatural changes in himself, re-transcribed from a collection of old journals that she been found in an abandoned house in the country side, not too far from the city where the teen was residing.

Much more was still needed though, and Ranboo was starting to feel kinda drowsy.

Deciding to sit at an empty table, in this quiet, less-visited corner of the library, the teen finally let their eyes close and enjoy a moment of rest from the never ending flow of black-and-white information. Who knew trying to find information on their newly acquired set of fantastical growths would be *that* tiring?

Perhaps it was that same fatigue that made them not hear the steps approaching them.

Or the overwhelming, blinding, constant wave of anxious frustration.

But they sure did *not* expect the voice that addressed them a monotone "Hey".

Which *totally* did not made them almost jump out of their seat and onto the library's carpeted floor.

*Totally not.*

Confusion was the only thing that filled Ranboo's mind as they locked eyes with the owner of the offending greeting.

Standing on the other side of the table, holding a stack of three leather-bound books, stood a built man, almost as tall as him. But something about him was *off*. It surprisingly wasn't the long, carefully braided pink hair, though the teen couldn't *quite* put the finger on what exactly it was.

Akwardly clearing his throat, the man spoke once more:

"Uh, sorry for scaring you, didn't mean to. I uh, just saw the volumes you were looking at, and thought theses seemed like something that you could be interested in. So, uuuh, I'll leave now. Bye."

And just like that, the stranger placed the books down in front of Ranboo, turned and disappeared between the book aisles.

Still racking his brain, the teen took a look at the new books before him.

*"The Halfway: Comprehending it's intricacies"* , *"Fantastical happenings: Myth VS Realities"*, and the one that snapped them out of their haze and froze them in place *"Late hybrid growths and how to comprehend them"*.

Once more.

*What.*

*The.*

*Fuck.*

And then, something clicked.

Scrambling to their feet, shoving their stack of now 5 books in their arms, Ranboo turned the same corner the man had took not even a minute prior. *Empty*. Quickly following the row, Ranboo was lead to a dead end.

*Okay.*

That was.

A *lot* to unpack.

*In, hold, out. In, hold, out.* Slowly walking back to the reception to check out the books, their mind was numb. *In, hold, out. In, hold, out.* The teen barely remember saying goodbye to the librarian. *In, hold, out.* Hell, they remembered even less the trajet back home. Only the vague feeling of being watched stung their skin.

*In, hold, out.*

...

Ranboo was now sitting on their bed, books slayed in front of them, and, *finally*, their mind clicked back online.

This situation had now gotten way, *way* more wild. And *complex*.

Because, you see, Ranboo's brain had finally understood the reason why that man looked so off. And it made every, so, *so* much more confusing.

Because the weird pink-haired stranger that had seemingly just *known* what was going on with the teen. The one who just looked *through* them as if they were a simple sheet of *glass*.

Well, he had fucking *tusks*.

## Chapter End Notes

Hii!! Sorry for the wait, I've been real busy lately! Will try to get a somewhat regular posting schedule in, because I've really been enjoying writing this. Hope you guys are also enjoying it so far, feel free to leave your thoughts in the comments, I'd make me super happy!

## ◆CHAPTER 3: Now or never, ft. emotional support plushie◆

### Chapter Summary

TW: Panic attack, obsessive thoughts, light body horror

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

*"You did what!?"*

*"Listen, I saw that poor kid, clearly uncomfortable and panicking the fuck out, and I just had to, okay?"*

An older blonde man, sitting on a lovingly worn out sofa, stared in tired disbelief as his conversation companion. His calloused hand ran down his cheek with a sigh.

"Look, mate, I understand your intentions. And while they weren't bad, you *really* should have been more careful. You can't just let your invisibility down in public like that, *anyone* could've seen you."

The other half of the conversation, sitting oppositely in an ornate vintage recliner, pinched the bridge of his nose. A strand of pink hair, escaped from the loose ponytail on his shoulder, was tucked back behind a pointed ear with a grunt.

"I know, I know, Phil. But you *know* how i get, and the kid looked so *lost*. They looked around *Tommy's* age! But they looked freshly emerged. It made *no sense*. It still doesn't make any sense the more I think of it. "

The older man crossed his arms, one hand up to his chin, a thoughtful look blurring his face. The obsidian wings decorating his back ruffled in an unorganised fashion, echoing the look of concern on his pink haired conversing partner.

"You're... Not wrong on that. It *is* pretty weird..."

A moment of loaded silence filled the room.

"And you say we haven't got report of a new hybrid in this region, anytime in the previous week's?"

The pinkette nodded.

"*Welp.*" The blonde got up with a single clap of the hands, a grin growing in the corner of his lips. "We better go investigate, *don't'cha think?*"

...

*Up on an empty windy field, the skies were about to cry.*

*Down in the muddy grass, the earth grasped.*

*Straight through an empty shell, the flows of air howled, screaming.*

*Under, in the darkness of soil, roots reached for an escape.*

*Trying to move was futile.*

*Trying to escape was impossible.*

*Trying to get help was useless.*

*Up on an empty stormy field, the skies wailed*

*Down in the sloshy grass, the earth laughed at their demise*

*Straight through a pained shell, air passed, never stopping despite the begging*

*Under, in the shelter of soil, roots reached to keep them in place.*

*Trying to understand was useless*

*Nothing else could fill the mind in these moments other than mindless pain*

*As the rain slowly corroded their trapped body, ripping through skin, flesh and bones, every drop was felt.*

*Every.*

*Drop.*

...

Ranboo woke up in a gasp, grasping at their own arms, looking for the holes, vigorously rubbing their skin to make the corroding liquid go away, *away, AWAY.*

Their breath kept getting caught in their own sobs, as they continued trying to get rid of it, *rid of it, get it away, away.*

Even when the teenager finally understood their arms weren't being broken down by acidic rain, they kept rubbing, *rubbing, rubbing* their arms, legs, hands, just trying to get rid of the horrible feeling, just wishing it would disappear, *please, please, just disappear.*

A couple more moments later, Ranboo managed to calm themselves a bit more down, the residual memory of the dream *mostly* gone down, leaving them holding on tightly to the plushie they didn't even know they picked up.

Nuzzling into said plushie, a big squishy black cat affectively named Jjjjjjjeffery, they worked on getting their breath back down to a more regular and acceptable pace. *In, hold, and out.* Or at least just one that wouldn't make them feel like they were about to pass out at any given moment. *In, hold, and out.*

*In, hold, and out.*

Still gripping Jjjjjjjeffery tightly, and wiping away leftover tears, Ranboo took in their surroundings. Books strewn all around them, some half-buried in the now-messy covers of their bed, their bag and red beanie half-hazardhly thrown across the room, and a golden sunset illuminating the bedroom.

Groaning, the teen stretched, wincing at the way their bones popped, almost a vocal complaint of having had to sleep in such a weird position. They had slept a good few hours out of nowhere, and despite that, they were feeling more tired than *ever before*.

Pushing the books aside, Ranboo swung their legs over, body shivering when the cold floor hit their feet. *Mh.* They could've sworn their bed was higher to the ground than that. Must be the post-awakening fog.

Mindlessly, they tried passing a hand through their hair like they'd usually, and instantly hit one of the horns, grounding them a bit more, but also reminded them this all, was, in fact, *real*, and *not* just a *really bad dream*.

Eyes staggering back to the books next to them, they tried to remember what one they were onto. Searching through the blur, the teen vaguely remember skimming the two ones they had picked themselves, which turned out to be kinda bare of revelant info to their current situation. Lots of cool historic facts about the region they lived in, though.

As to the three the *stranger* had gave him....

They still sat unopened, weathered covers glistening dully in the setting sunlight, practically calling out to them, *enticing, mysterious, full of potential answers*.

Still, Ranboo could not kill the impending feeling of panic that would catch, twist and squeeze their poor stressed out heart everytime they'd look for too long. Yes, they wanted answers. But getting answers would also mean having to *truly* acknowledge everything going on right now. The *horns*, the *tail*, the *pink haired tusked man*, the whole *mythical* and *hybrid* aspects of the books, and the horrible feeling of *eyes* at the back of their neck everytime they'd think about exiting the comfort of their home.

*Yes, they wanted to know. But they didn't know if they were ready to face what they were about to find.*

With another sigh, they got up. A bit too fast, considering how the world spun around them, and how they were trying their hardest to stay them up and not fall straight to the ground right now. Having whole new body parts really wasn't easy on the whole balance thing, sadly.

Maybe a proper meal would help them clear their mind a bit and prepare them for the tumultuous road that they were guaranteed to be embarking on soon.

And thus, their treacherous trajet to the kitchen had begun.

...

*"You sure this a good idea Phil?"*

Whispered the tusked man, looking with concern at his companion.

*"You want to help the kid? And you want us to learn more about this whole weird situation?"  
The blonde man questioned.*

He nodded.

*"Well, trust me, and just let me do this."*

Hidden in a big tree in a backward harboring a strange feeling of familiarity, they waited, watching. Watching the frazzled teenager awaken from their slumber, in a panic that broke the hearts of both of the men. Still, they waited, silent, until they finally got up and hobbled out of their room.

The pinkette, despite his cold and collected exterior, felt his heart beating at a million miles an hour. He knew all of this was reckless. He knew they should not be doing this. But what other solutions did they have, *really*?

The winged man softly croaked, looked at his companion with determination. With a final nod, he took off.

Watching his friend take off, one could wonder if it was even possible to get bored of it. Silent, swift, and yet still so majestic each time, the sight was still as beautiful as the first time he'd witnessed it.

Though, before he could even try to think about re-thinking the whole plan and how it would go wrong, the leaves before him shook softly, and there landed his friend. Proud grin across his face, one hand on a hip, the other extended and looking straight at him.

The tusked exhaled softly, a small smile trying to make its way out, and took the hand.

*If you'd taken close attention to the sunset that night, you could've almost swore you've seen a crow soaring the horizon, hosting a something strangely human-shaped on its back.*

...

Welp, back to their room Ranboo now was. Standing in the doorway, like a stranger waiting for permission. In the couple hours they took cooking, eating, and thinking it over and over and over, while watching looking to the horizon, where the sun had long since set, they'd finally decided

They were going to do this. They were going to get answers. *No matter the consequences.*

And they *totally* weren't stressed.

Also, their heart *totally* didn't feel like it was on the verge of making a grand-escape put of their rib cage.

Mhmm, *totally not.*

Slowly, the teen managed to put one foot into the room, followed by a second, followed by then practically throwing themselves onto the bed and grabbing Jjjjjjjjeffery. *Totally not* for emotional support of anything. *Totally not.*

Ranboo placed themselves as comfortably as they could in the bed, tail wrapping itself around them, their hand instinctively grabbing its fluffy end. *Mh..* They had to admit it wasn't *too* bad having a tail. The end was really soft and fluffy. Kind of weirdly comforting. Shaking their head, the teen forced their focus back on the task ahead.

Staring at the books, a shaky sigh escaped them. It was now or never. *The moment of truth.* Ranboo grabbed the one closest to them, staring at its cover.

*"Late hybrid growts and how to comprehend them".*

Of the three volumes before them, it *definitely* was the one that made their stomach sink the most. All the more reason to start with this one. Slay the biggest beast first and deal with the rest later, or something.

Ranboo analyzed the exterior of the book thoroughly. Old forest green leather covered it, definitely well-loved, but nicely taken care of. Etched with expertise in the front, sat the title,

defined with black ink. Lightly scuffed borders of gold added a light air of elegance to the volume.

Slowly and carefully, as if they were afraid it would turn into dust at the slightest harsh movement, the teen opened the book. Before they could read a single word, though, something caught their attention.

*Something* had fallen out of the book, landing softly on the off-white sheets below. A piece of paper, neatly folded in a triangle. With confusion, Ranboo picked it up.

A small tulip was carelessly drawn on top, a forgotten doodle. Ever more so carefully, they unfolded the neat pleats, only to be greeted with elegant cursive. With apprehension, but even more by curiosity, Ranboo read;

*" Hello.*

*You're about to start a lecture that will reveal to you things you probably never could've imagine on your own before. It's going to be confusing, scary, and puzzling. I'm sure you'll have many questions.*

*You do not know me, and I do not know you. But I know what you're going through. I left instructions, tucked in the last page of this book, on how to get in contact with me, if ever you feel the need to more answers.*

*Regards,*

*Technoblade."*

Uh....

So...

That was definitely. *Irregular.*

Shaking hands gripped onto the cat plushie, trying to ground themselves. *In, hold, and out.*

This *was* irregular. But *nothing was really ever gonna be regular again, was it?*

Swallowing back tears, Ranboo put the note on their bedside table, and brought their attention back to the book, once more trying to clear their head out of anything else. It was *now or never.*

*Let the reading begin.*

## Chapter End Notes

This fic got me very inspired, so I'll probably start posting pretty often! I'll try starting on about one chapter a week, two if i can afford the energy! Btw, I have a Twitter, @ConeEmperor, if you ever wanna chit chat on there! I'll try to start posting about the fic on there too!

Let me know your thoughts on this chapter, I love reading your comments, it makes me very happy :D

# ◆CHAPTER 4: Hybrid discoveries and the understatement of the century◆

## Chapter Summary

In which, Ranboo learns the level of struggle they've been brought in, and wish there was an easy way to unsubscribe to it, like to a bad email newsletter.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Okay, so, this was. Something.

*"The usual hybrid usually starts showing signs of their inhumane half around the beginning of their regular human puberty."*

*"The signs will widely differ depending on what type of hybrid they are"*

*"Horns on hybrids are relatively rare, and are only found in three species; Mooshroom hybrids, Goat hybrids, and the less common of the three, Enderman hybrids."*

*Mooshroom horns will be short and stout, and can vary in color between a light brown and a creamy white. They'll also often present with small red spots over the base color. These spots are known to intensify or decrease in opacity in sync with the health condition of their holder.*

*Goat horns will start short like the Mooshroom's, but don't take long before starting to grow into their signature form. They will grow up and back, towards the back of the head, and curl around the ears to create a cressant-like shape, protecting each side of the skull. Their pigmentation usually varies between various shades of brown, or an eggshell type of white. They are known to be extremely robust, and pretty much impossible to break in regular, natural circumstances.*

*Enderman horns usually start small, smaller than a Mooshroom's or goat's, and also slimmer. They'll usually take a purple-tinted black color, but in rare cases they've been known to take the holder's hair color. They grow at a relatively fast pace until they reach their full size, and tend to be quite tall, the longest recorded being 50cm. They are also known for their pointy, almost sharp ends"*

*In, hold, and out. Okay. Okay. let's go check the Enderman section.*

*" Enderman Hybrids.*

*Enderman Hybrids are one of the most uncommon types of hybrids. This type of hybrid often start showing traits a bit later than other hybrids, which can make them harder to be catalogued and integrated into the in-between. Thus, not a lot is known about them. We've done our best to compile the best comprehensive information sheet here, sourcing from multiple varied sources\*. "*

*" First rule regarding enderman hybrids, is that they start growing into their traits way faster than the other hybrids, and thus every regular process or basic care applicable to other hybrids has to be modified to accommodate that fact. "*

Uh-oh.

*" The horns or tail tend to be the first ones to appear.*

*The tail usually takes a singular day to grow to its full length, and has been recorded by subjects to be rather painless. Its length, however, is usually a hint to how much the hybrid will take in height once the process is started, as, by the end of their transformation, the tail of an enderman hybrid usually only has about 10-15 cm touching the ground, feathered end included."*

Ranboo looks at their own tail, which they know to be far exceeding that little 10-15 cm. They did not want to think by how many times it did. Not now.

Also, why were they speaking of pain now? This wasn't really reassuring, in all honesty. But Ranboo *wasn't* freaking out. *Totally* not.

*"On the pain scale, horns are known to be placed on a "little annoying" to "midly-painful" scale, in terms of hybrid growth. There's an ongoing research about the relation of level of pain with growth-time, though there hasn't been nearly enough candidates interviewed yet for it to be considered valid.*

*The horns tend to cause light headaches right before each growth spurt, which makes it ideal to time rest period and care methods. They are also known to take about one to two weeks to fully grow."*

*"Now onto the more unconventional growing traits of the Enderman hybrid;*

*The skin, teeth, and height."*

*"..."*

*"Excuse me, the what? Skin??? Teeth?????"*

*The teen clutched Jjjjjjjeffery even closer. **What the fuck.** No other words. Just **what the fuck.***

*"Endermans are known for their absolute abhorrence of water, teleporting at the slightest droplet contact. However, most endermans hybrids do not have such gifts of easy, infinite teleportation. Thus, where their unique water intolerance comes in from."*

*Their water **what** now?*

*"Endermans hybrids who are prone to skin water intolerance will start to see patches of leathered skin appear on their body, usually in a similar color pattern as their horns. These patches are extremely responsive to water, and will react poorly to contact with it. The reaction can vary from light allergic reaction, to full on acid-like burns. They can be very painful, and it is generally recommended to cover them at most times, especially in humid climate."*

Uh. Okay. Uhm.

*In, hold, and out.*

***In, hold, and out.***

They had to keep going. They had to understand.

It was too late to go back now.

*"As it is for teeth, the changes are usually pretty mild. As the hybrid grows into their full form, it often happens that the jaw expands, and in that case, an extra set of teeth can appear as a result"*

Okay, that's not too bad, it's kinda like wisdom teeth?

*"The number of teeth can vary from 3-4, to 30, and they tend to be much sharper than regular human teeth."*

Okay, *nope*, not like wisdom teeth, definitely ***not***. Mild my ass. This was definitely the *biggest* understatement Ranboo has ever been a witness to.

This just kept getting worse and worse, didn't it? Had they accidentally jinxed themselves? Was it that one time they stepped on an ant's nest by accident?

*Shhhhh*, okay, *shhhhh*, it's okay, just keep reading. Okay. *Okay*.

*"The amount of pain they might cause plays on pretty much the same field as wisdom teeth would, which means it differs for each individual. It has been recorded that it tends to be more painful the bigger the number of teeth is."*

Oh, wow, good observation, Sherlock.

*"Onto height. This one is quite simple. In general, enderman hybrids tend to take anywhere between half a meter to a full meter on their initial before-transformation height. This process has been ranked to first place in terms of pain, by general consensus within the concerned research pool. It's been recorded to happen in a rather quick amount of time, about the same as the horns."*

"..."

Ranboo placed their library receipt to keep the page. They closed the book with care. Without a breath, they got up their bed. Opened a window. And just. **Screamed**.

Into the open emptiness of the night, under the softly glowing moon, into the slow night clouds, they **screamed**. And *screamed*. And *wailed*. And *sobbed*.

Their knees gave up, and they slid down to the floor, ugly cries shaking their whole body, hand gripping the wooden windowsill tightly.

*Why? Why them? Why now? **Why?***

They didn't ask for this. They didn't want this. They wanted it gone.. *gone. gone. **GONE.***

Their hands shot down to their head, finding themselves in the mass of their hair. And they screamed once more. Tugging at the hair, *yelling* to a dead god, *yelling* to an unfair existence, *yelling* at a **cruel** universe.

They **hated** this. They **hated** this so much. They wanted this to *end*.

Their head hurt so much. It spun around like I'd been launched into the atmosphere of Saturn. Everything was just *too much*.

Their heart was pounding *too hard*. Their breath was *too fast*. Everything was *too dizzy*. And then, everything cut to black.

...

The chirping of birds could be heard louder than usual, Ranboo noticed... It also was kinda, *windy*? They did not remember turning their fan on at any point, *though*.

Their body *hurt*. Why was their mattress suddenly so hard? Grunting, they tried reaching for their duvet, unsuccessfully. With great regret, they forced their eyes to open up a bit, trying to locate that god darned duvet.

*Flooring* was not what they were expecting to see.

Blinking a couple times, trying to get the blur out of their vision, they tried racking their brain for any remaining memory of why on earth they were currently on the floor. Their eyes wandered up, and met the, *unusually open*, window.

Grabbing the ledge of it, the teen hoisted themselves up, not ignorant to the multiple pops and cracks their bones made in the process.

In the most amount of grace they could gather, Ranboo tried getting themselves into the *oh-so* treasured bed. Which can be resumed to them just basically dragging and throwing their body on the soft mattress, and then burying their head into the nearest pillow.

Vague memories of yesterday started to emerge. And then, the flood of information they'd read came back.

The teen didn't know if there was a word precise enough for the feeling that gripped their heart at that moment, *plunging* it's claws into it and making it *beg* for mercy, but they guessed the closest they could describe it as was *pure, horrific*, existential ***dread***.

*In, hold, and out.* Long breaths. *In, hold, and out.* Yes, good, okay, *okay*. It's okay. Continue like that. *In, hold, and out.*

All of the words from that book were now pretty much *engraved* into their brain, the teen decided. They were pretty sure if they squeezed their eyes shut hard enough they would start seeing the words appear in the void of their eyelids.

Vague memories of passing out under the window, curled in a ball, passed in the back of their mind. Ranboo racked their brain, trying to fill the blank between the moment where they closed the book, and that. All they could get out was a vague *heartbreak* feeling.

*Mh.*

That *couldn't* be too good, could it?

The teen wasn't *exactly* known for their absolutely impeccable memory, but they never had full on memory *blanks* of seemingly very heavy moments like that, before.

That was. A lot.

Albeit, not *more* than learning they were an Enderman hybrid, fact which quickly took back the forefront of their mind.

So uh.

Yeah.

They were that.

Apparently.

Little awkward thing, *however*, was that they had *no idea in hell* about what an Enderman was. Is? Oh, boi oh boi.

That was a whole can of worms that they opened there, did they? *Ahahah*. Oops.

So, *umh*. *Yeah*. They were *that*. And the horns and tail weren't the end of it. Just the *beginning*. Oh, for *fucks sake*.

The teen looked up, and out the still-open window. The sun had just finalized it's resurgence, by the soft pinkish tones the sky still wore, despite it being all light outside. There was a light breeze today, which currently was making Ranboo's hair softly dance in the air. Passing a hand through said hair lazily, the teen noted it was getting pretty long. Where it used to barely touch their neck at the back, it now touched their shoulders. It was also. Pretty greasy. They should probably take a shower. *While they still had the chance*. And *if* they cried at that thought, it stayed between the singing birds and them.

...

Entering the bathroom, Ranboo made sure to not look at the mirror. They weren't ready for what was awaiting them in it. At least not before they at least had time to relax in the shower.

...

Entering their bedroom, Ranboo made sure not to look at the mirror. They weren't ready to see the progression of their hybrid transformation. *Not now*. Or at least not before they had read the rest of the books left by the pink haired stranger, which they supposed to also be the so-called "Technoblade" from the note. They needed to know everything there was to know about this new world they were being involuntary pushed in, before they did anything else.

...

Making a braid without a mirror hadn't been the easiest tasks, but at least their hair wasn't gonna be able to inhibit their concentration now. They'd pinned the short hairs that wouldn't fit in it with colorful little flower barrettes, which at least managed to steal them a tired little smile. They also slipped into some of their comfiest clothes, that being a long, flowy, black

circle skirt, some white, fuzzy, arm and leg warmers, and a nice, light blouse with a simple peter-pan collar.

*Back to the 2014 Wattpad fic, it seems. Let's switch back, shall we?*

Ranboo had used their shower trip as an opportunity to bring back a little breakfast to help them through all the reading they were about to go do. A nice cup of floral green tea, a cucumber sandwich, and a little bowl of mixed berries. They really like berries, they were so fun. All small, colorful, fresh, yet packed all their own little punch. They were all unique in their own way, despite being all too similar. Ranboo sometimes kinda wished they were a little a raspberry, small, able to hide in nice, big bushes of leaves, short but sweet lived, *simple*.

It wasn't time for hypotheticals anymore, *sadly*.

Apprehensively, Ranboo gave their attention back to the books...

## Chapter End Notes

Feeling super inspired lately, so here's a second chapter for this week!! I don't know if I'll post that often in the coming weeks too, but I'll try to keep posting at least weekly! Writing the fake book excerpts was definitely a challenge, but I really enjoyed it! Hope that shines through :)!

# A/N: Letter to Technoblade.

## Chapter Summary

It felt wrong continuing this fic without saying anything. Sorry for the long surprise break, I just had to take time to process everything before I could write again. This fic will be continuing, and will be brought to completion, no matter how long it'll take me. Hope you're all doing okay, feel free to let your emotions put in the comments, I will be responding if you need someone to talk to. Be safe y'all <3

Technoblade was an incredible man. I never thought I'd be writing at the past tense about him.

My heart is shattered, and I can hear it cry alongside the ones of million of others. The tears never seem to want to stop coming, but I'm not mad.

I may have never met him, but he's been a big part of my life, unknowingly.

A little over two years ago, I found myself at the lowest place I've ever been. I did not think there was a way out. I did not want to look for a way out anymore. I didn't have the energy to fight anymore. And then I stumbled upon a Tiktok of a lore clip of him from the dsmp, when I didn't even know about the server, let alone it's lore.

I did know vaguely who Technoblade was, before. If watched a vid here and there, and had vague memories of watching a Minecraft Monday video and him being mentioned in it my the players I was watching. But I didn't *know* who Technoblade was.

From this little clip, I started digging. Much more later, that little lore clip of him would become one of my most cherished lore moments. But from it, I discovered the dsmp, and I discovered Techno's content. From then on, I was hooked. And without knowing it, I also got hooked, to what would become my very own lifeline, throw by the universe.

His laugh, his relaxed, yet always positive and optimistic attitude pulled me in. I think I must've watched some of his relaxed talking & bedwars videos more time that I could remember to count. And his character on the dsmp absolutely captured my heart and never let it go. Witty, constantly breaking the 4th wall, nagging, but also loyal, kind, down to earth, and true to his values. The lore streams where he was present was some of the first ones I seeked out. And, if I squealed the first time I got to watch one of his streams live, and every single other one after that, that stays between my comfy little living room and me.

I saw I Technoblade what I so desperately needed at that time. Calm, stability, and unfiltered joy and optimism. I think his laugh will forever stay one of my favorite sounds that ever existed on earth. In a time where I could not see a future ahead of me, in which I hope, wished, prayed to not wake up the next morning, a time where I no longer knew who I even was, he became my rock.

I looked up to him without even knowing I was doing so. And slowly, using his, the dsmp's, and other member's of it, content I climbed out. It gave me a reason to keep waking up in the morning, even if it was just to watch some silly little minecraft videos and roleplay. It gave me a singular source of happiness to hold on. And that's all I needed at that moment.

I got out of my horrible situation. It took some time at first, but once I realized there actually was a way out, and that I really wanted to take it, I took it, kicking and pushing and fighting. It was hard. The hardest thing I've ever done. Day by day, I was getting better, but it still was so, so difficult. But Techno's content stayed a constant. When I needed something familiar to hold onto, it was there. When I needed something to distract me from the neverending spiral of thoughts in my head, it was there. When I just wanted that little extra boost of happiness, it was there.

Technoblade, without knowing it, quite literally accompanied throughout all my recovery. From the very beginning to now. I'm not done recovering, but I don't think you ever completely recover from the things I experienced. But I am happy now. I am actually living life for the first time in years, and even, dare I say, for the first time ever, fully.

And I don't know if I would've ever gotten to where I am today if I hadn't come upon that one little clip on tiktok, so long ago.

I will never get to tell Technoblade how much he meant to me. And how much he still does. But a part of me like to hopes that, wherever he is right now, he's proud of me.

Sure, he would call me soft and probably laugh at me a bit, but I know he would mean that in the most loving of his. In his little way.

The world lost a great person. A compassionate man who helped so many people, with or without knowing it, intentionally or unintentionally. A man who loved his family, his friends, and his community more than is even calculable. A man who could still see the best when he was at his worse. A man who loved us so much he couldn't bear to go to rest before delivering us a final message.

And for that, Technoblade will forever live on in our words, drawings, paintings, minds, and hearts.

Thank you for all that you did, and for all that you were, Technoblade. I will never stop being grateful to have been able to coexist in the same timeline as you.

And as long as I'll be standing on this earth, I'll remember you. And I promise, no, guarantee to you that I'll stay long, and that I'll do beautiful and incredible things.

And as long as you'll live in our minds,

**Technoblade, you will never die.**

## ◆CHAPTER 5: Or when Ranboo really wished the universe would say sike◆

### Chapter Summary

✖!!! TW: Mentions of self harm and disordered eating!!!! ✖

Or in which Ranboo does not have a great time, but where he does consume a lot for words. A lot.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

*Their eyes and cheeks were burning.*

Not the usual, after-cry, irritated skin burning.

*Litterally burning.*

Scrambling through a blurry vision, they stumbled out of the room, heart beating erratically. Using the walls as guide, and their perfect knowledge of the layout of the house, they managed to reach this floor's bathroom.

Grabbing what they knew to be a towel hanging from the side of the sink, they pressed the fabric to their face, desperately trying to get off the remaining tears from their skin. And if the contact made them hiss and hiccup in pain, they did not let it linger their mind.

A hand still holding the towel to their face, they opened the cabinet and reached for the first aid kit with the shakiest hands they've ever experienced. They did not know why they were doing so but something in their subconscious was telling them to, so they did it.

*It hurt so much.*

*Why was it hurting?*

A high pitched wince left their mouth as they took the towel off their face.

***Blood.***

There was *blood* on the formerly white towel.

*Oh.*

*Oh fuck.*

Gathering whatever courage they had left, Ranboo met their reflection in the mirror.

Staring back, was what seemed like a distorted, *nightmarish* version of themselves.

Black and white patches of velvety skin had started to grow on their cheeks, extending haphazardly up to their eyes and a tiny bit down towards their jaw. They could see their horns were longer, but they did not investigate.

The teenager *absolutely would* have burst into another fit of sobs if the adrenaline wasn't pumping into their veins so hard at that moment.

Forcing themselves to stare at the gruesome picture in the mirror, vision still not completely cleared, they quickly located the source of the bleeding. Streaming down from their eyes, lines of blood were carved, *burned even*, into the new inhuman skin. In the exact pattern their tears would take to run down their face, which Ranboo knew a bit *too* well. Trying not to think too deeply about it, they opened the little first aid box.

Grabbing antiseptic and a cotton pad, they braced themselves, and began lightly tapping at the injuries. It hurt like a *bitch*, but at least it did its job. At least *one thing* was working normally.

Putting the now bloody pad down, the teen grabbed a clean one, almost running it under water by habit, but quickly stopped themselves and sadly using it to try to get out any remaining antiseptic off.

After a bit of searching, they found a soothing cream they hoped would work and not worsen the injury, and applied it with care. It seemed to be okay too. They then cut and applied medical band-aid type bandages overtop the areas, getting it as flat and close to the skin as possible, knowing the tape should be good enough to let it breathe.

Finally, they let out a breath they did not know they were holding.

Hands still trembling, they exited the bathroom, still high on adrenaline, a single mission on their mind.

...

*It was done.*

Looking at the final mirror they knew existed in the house, the one adorning their, oh so beloved, antique dresser Ranboo seemed to hesitate a moment.

They shook their head, knuckles white of the force with which the teen was gripping the bedsheet in their hands. *It had to be done.*

With one swift move, the last mirror was covered.

They weren't ready to see what was happening on the other side. *They did not want to see.*

It was better this way.

...

The next few days were a *nauseating* circle of pain. They'd wake up, and read and read and read until their stomach *begged* for them to stop.

They'd get out of bed and of to the kitchen, ignoring as best as possible the screams of their bones, and the random jolts of pain. Getting enough to last them through the day, they then would go back up to their room, and get right back into their reading.

Even when the outside world started to blur, eyes sore from staring at black on white for hours on end, *they did not stop*.

They'd eventually pass out briefly before the sun went down.

Until they'd be woken up in the middle of the night by their own screams of pain. They could *feel it*. Their bones *reshaping*. Their muscles being stretched and *stretched* and ***stretched*** beyond anything logical. Their whole body shifting, changing, *growing*. They *hated* it. No. ***Despised*** it. ***Abhorred*** it. But they could do nothing but *scream* and *yell* and *plead*, again and again, until their voice gave up. When it happened, they dug their hands into their hair, arms, legs, *anything* they could grasp onto. It hurt so much they never felt the moment the skin broke under the pressure they put on it.

After a while, I'd all get too much and they'd pass out.

They'd eventually wake up, sky still filled with stars, *nagging* at them with its silent peace. Ranboo would reach for the first aid kit that now lived on their bedside table, and tend to the new injuries, without a word, without second thought. And then, if they were lucky, they'd fall back into a dreamless sleep. If not, they'd just stare at the ceiling until the sun came up. And then they'd start reading.

Clean, rinse, dry, repeat.

*The world was cruel.*

...

It was on the evening of their 5th day of reading that Ranboo finally closed the last book. They've read *everything*. Sometimes, re-read multiple chapters over and over. Every single piece of information was *ingraved* into their memory. Every single term memorised. Every detail dutifully noted in their mind.

*They were ready to meet Technoblade.*

Peeling their eyes from the back cover of their final read they dragged their sight over to the two pieces of paper careful folded and partially tucked under the lamp on their nightstand. Reaching a creaking and disturbingly long arm towards it, they grabbed it, and brought it to their vision. Unfolding it, they re-read the first one, holding onto it so gently you'd think it was a piece of ancient artefact.

Putting it beside them, on the sheet, they read the other one.

"... could be worse, I guess."

...

Now sitting in the middle of their room, the teen almost cracked a tired smile. Surrounded by a big circle of parley and thyme, a piece of Obsidian strung on their neck, a big red candle in front of them, small bowl of ash by it's right, and paper and red ink by it's left, the teen must've been quite the sight. *Sabrina the little witch* level type sights. If this was a prank, Ranboo was falling for it *hook, line, and center*.

Taking a deep breath, they recited the words of the second paper, which they've learned by heart quite easily.

"Technoblade, devout vessel of the deity of blood, bringer of both destruction and renewal, I am hereby requesting your presence in this room. "

Turning their attention to the ink and paper, the teen carefully, or as much as he could manage with their clumsy arms, poured some of the ink on the page, and pressed his hand into it. Bringing it to the flame, the paper quickly took to the fire, and Ranboo barely managed to drop it into the ash bowl without getting burned.

*In, hold, and out.*

They took the bowl, and brought it before the flame.

*In, hold, and out.*

This better had work.

*In, hold, and out.*

Ranboo blew strongly on the ash, sending a wave of it into the brave flame of the candle, and causing a flurry of crackling sparks in the air.

*One.*

*Two.*

*Thr—*

And despite all odds, the sparks grew and grew and *grew*, until they formed and golden, glimmering line right in front of the teen. Like a single thread of gold, hanging in the air like

it was nothing but *natural*.

Ranboo barely had time to appreciate it, though, as soon it was being split apart. By two *very* big hands. If the teen wasn't frozen in fear, he would *definitely* have fled under the bed as we speak.

Stretching apart the golden tread with terrifying ease, slowly came out a gigantic creature. Man? *Hybrid*.

Standing in their room, towering over Ranboo who was still stuck to the floor, now stood a surprisingly, yet also unsurprisingly, familiar figure.

Running a hand through long, silky pink hair, piercing crimson eyes found the teen's. The newcomer let out an almost *animal-like* huff, Ranboo's eyes catching onto the imposing tusks in his mouth, and the dim light of the candle making the mounds of golden jewelry hanging of him glimmer softly.

He.

Was.

**Terrifying.**

Large muscular frame that looked like it could snap them in half in a singular touch, scars littering every exposed skin surface, and an expression that could scare even the toughest of humans. Oh, and hoofs???? Had they accidentally summoned Satan???

The man cleared his throat awkwardly, and the weirdness of the gesture seemed to finally be what Ranboo needed to get out of his frozen trance. Scratching the back of his neck and breaking eye contact with the teen, looking around the room, the man, Technoblade, finally spoke;

"Hullo... You, uh, called me?"

The deep, yet monotone voice was *definitely* not what the teen was expecting. *This. Was going to be something.*

...

It'd been a week since Technoblade had met that kid at the library, and almost six days since he and Philza had snuck to their home to deliver the notes.

Techno was, to put it lightly, *stressing the fuck out.*

Pacing back and forth across the living room, he could not get his mind off that poor kid. They'd look so frazzled, lost, and so, so scared. And right now they were going through their transformation *alone.*

And an *enderman* one, at that. Couldn't had gotten less lucky.

The subject could be argued, but to Techno's opinion, the Enderman hybrid growth was quite literally the *worst* one to go through. Maybe not if you were surrounded by loved ones, and people to care for you, and with the knowledge that comes with living in the in-between, but to a lost soul stuck alone, unknowing, *unprepared*, in the human world, it was the worst one. It was so rapid, and the changes were *many*, and *brutal.*

And now that poor kid was out there, having to deal with it.

*Alone.*

Technoblade huffed, passing a hand through his face and planting it onto his forehead. He was *seconds* away from cracking and just heading to the teen's house and breaking in.

A firm, but gentle hand appeared on his shoulder, ever so careful despite the immeasurable amounts of time it found its way there.

" Take a breather mate, they'll call sooner than later. I can tell ya that. "

Turning his head toward the voice, Techno's nerves softened a bit. Phil, ever so loving smile plastered on his face, was pointing him to the couch, inviting him to relaxation.

With a silent nod of acknowledgement, he took the offer, while Phil ruffled away into the tea cupboard in the kitchen adjoining the living room. Not a single word was exchanged even as the teapot was set, nor as a teacup was set into his hand, or even long after tea was graciously poured into it. It wasn't a bad thing though. They just had this thing, this connection, where words just weren't needed anymore. Just a simple nod, a pat on the shoulders, a look into the other's eyes would give out to the other everything they needed to know, or wanted to say.

So, settled in the silence, Technoblade sipped on his tea, a blend of chamomile, jasmine, lavender, rose, and other things he couldn't pinpoint, but tasted familiar. He breathed a soft exhale into the golden liquid, held gently in from of his face, a nice calming haze slowly making its way through his body.

A soft chirp from Phil drew Techno's attention. The older one was holding his tea on his lap, eyes suddenly focused straight ahead, a slow smile creeping on his face. Techno followed his line of sight.

*Right there*, in the middle of the living room, was being drawn a familiar *golden line*. The pinkette got up suddenly, reaching absentmindedly for one of of the golden flakes making its way to the sparkling apparition.

Turning to his companion, and locking eyes, Techno knew. *It was time*. And if Phil caught a small smile on his friend's face, it stayed between him and the glistening room.

Strong hands grabbed the now complete door, and effortlessly slipped in, pulling it open, and stepping through.

A cold room, bathed in the light of a singular candle greeted him. The air smelled of ash and the remnants of long-burnt-down strawberry incense.

Passing a hand through his hair, Techno's eyes finally got used to the new environment, and he quickly found who he's been looking for, *waiting for*. Terrified mismatched eyes caught his, and tugged strongly at his heart. The teen in front of him was a far cry from the one that he'd met at the library all those days ago. Covered in bandages, thin as the twigs that layer an autumn forest, and a tired aura enveloping a body tired of changing. *And yet*, there was no questioning in the pinkette's mind. *It was them*.

Bringing himself out of his daze, Technoblade realizes he's been staring at them for a good moment now, and probably should say something. Clearing his throat, and finally tearing his eyes out of the teen's, not wanting to make everything even more awkward, he spoke;

"Hullo... You, uh, called me?"

*That..* That definitely was *not* going to help the awkward atmosphere. *Oh lords*.

## Chapter End Notes

Hope y'all enjoyed the chapter!! I think it's the heaviest piece of fiction I've ever written, and it's low-key my first time writing about boddy horror, and I was surprised with how much I like that! Updated the tags btw! Anyway, have a good day!!

# ◆CHAPTER 6: Green tea and a duo of painfully socially inept hybrids◆

## Chapter Summary

An anxious ender kid and socially awkward pig man share a cup of tea together. Things don't go totally as planned, unsurprisingly.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

*This was.*

*Awkward.*

Sitting in Ranboo's kitchen was the one who they now knew of as Technoblade. The gigantic, mysterious pink hybrid, draped in riches and stories of wars, was sitting in a chair. In *their* kitchen. At *their* kitchen table. The teen should be trembling with fear, bowing in respect to the intimidating new figure. But. No.

They were making him *tea*.

Almond green tea, to be more precise.

And the atmosphere was so, so incredibly *awkward*.

Definitely not what the teen had expected when they summoned a *literal other-wordly warrior*.

Bringing along two cups of the lightly sweetened tea, Ranboo took a seat at the table, right next to Technoblade. A silent nod from him was handed as a thank you, and the teen decided staring at the flower-painted mug was suddenly their life's ultimate goal.

"So, uh.. what's your name kid?"

They slightly jumped at the sudden (and very dusty) conversation starter, eyes flicking up and momentarily locking with their interlocutor, before quickly moving and catching onto a plant not too far behind. Eye contact had never been their favorite thing, and the imposing nature of Technoblade certainly did *not* help.

Oh, it's true, they hadn't told him their name. That. Didn't help the atmosphere, did it? An unsure, dusty voice answered, their's;

" Oh.. Uhm, it's eh.. umh.. you can call me Ranboo."

"Nice to meet you Ranboo, uh, you can call me Technoblade. But, I think you kinda already knew that." A light chuckled ended the sentence, more embarrassed than amused.

The oldest scratched the back of his neck, glowing eyes moving around for a bit, until finally landing on the vapor escaping his tea. Ranboo noticed that he seemed to be looking for his words.

" Well, uh, nice to meet you..?" A light series cough escaped the teen's mouth. Their voice clearly had not enjoyed the last week of wordless days and screaming nights. "Uhm, why... Why did uh..."

They were trying to figure out how to coherently formulate the torrent of thoughts currently storming in their head. *Why did you give me the books? Why were you at the library? How did you know what was going on with me? How did you know what to give me? Why did you give it to me? Why did you leave immediately after? Why? Why?*

The teen felt eyes on them, and accidentally caught Technoblade's. Despite the striking deep red irises, which Ranboo believes they'll never truly get over, they caught something else in them that they truly did not expect. A soft, well hidden glimmer of patience, of *care*. That was... This... This situation definitely was *not* near done getting weirder.

The other one took a small sip of his tea, breaking ranboo out of his thoughts. Gulping nervously, they finally managed to get a semblance of a question out;

"Why did you help me?"

*Maybe it was a dumb question.* Or maybe not. Who knows. Who cares. Ranboo looked down. They were fiddling around with their hands. Was it just them or the air was getting kinda *heavier*, harder to breathe in? Or was it their ribcage trying to crush their lungs? Haha..

"Because you reminded me of myself."

They tore their attention off their hands and up, mind suddenly blank. *Oh*.

"How?" Escaped their lips before they'd even realized they opened them.

Technoblade seemed taken by surprise, the look on his face changing immediately. Had Ranboo *angered* them? Was that too *sudden*? Was their tone too *harsh*? Did they make the man *hate* them? Had they done something *wrong*? *Oh*. They were back to fiddling with their hands. Rubbing little circles in their palms, touching one finger with another one by one, rubbing one hand with another firmly. *In, hold, and out*.

" I.. I think because of how confused and alone you looked." He said, a reflective tone in his voice, barely perceivable.

The teen tried a little to look towards his interlocutor, but ended up settling on his shoulder. The fur on his cape looked very soft. White as snow, probably very well taken care of. They wondered where it could be from.

"Oh... Okay."

Honestly, they couldn't imagine the man in their position. He was so calm, well-spoken, and well-lived. As for Ranboo, well they... They were a *mess*, to put it lightly.

A slightly less awkward silence floated around the room now, enveloped in the soft rays of sunlight coming through the sheer, flower-embroidered curtains. The warm cup of tea had found its way into the teen's hands, and the comforting taste was sticking to the inside of their throat.

This was actually kind of nice. It had been so long since Ranboo had someone with whom to share their silence. It helped make it less deafening, they noted. Also, it was just nice not being *alone*, after basically becoming a hermit for a week straight. For a moment, they seemed to forget about their worries, and just enjoyed the moment. For a moment, everything seemed a bit more like before. For a moment, everything seemed normal. *But it course, that couldn't last forever, could it?*

" So...." Started the monotone voice, a bit clumsily. "When exactly did you start seeing your hybrid traits appear?"

That... was pretty direct.

"Uhm... A bit over a week ago? I think? The first day was actually the day you saw me at the library." A light chuckle escaped their lips. "I just uh, woke up and, suprise, I had horns and a tail. Kind of thought I had a secret cosplay persona for a moment." They still kind of wished that I could be the truth.

Technoblade let out a little snort, surprising the teen. "It's the first time I hear that one, tell you that." Was that a small smile on his face? "It's kind of crazy that you went out on the first day, though. Usually new hybrids don't even dare to think about leaving the house that day. What made you do it?"

" I.. don't really know, not going to lie. I think I just needed something familiar, and information, and since the library had both those things, I went there..?"

The pink-haired man shrugged. "Makes sense."

Another moment of silence hung between both of them.

" So, uh, not to be invasive, but do you live here alone?"

" No no, I live here with uh... With... With... My parents. I live here with my parents. They're on a business trip at the moment. I think."

"Oh, are they the ones from that picture?" Technoblade pointed to a picture frame sitting on the wall. In it was Ranboo, and two brown-haired adults.

Ranboo suddenly froze in place. They... They...

*They had no idea who these people were.*

But there they were. Standing next to him, all of them smiling and huddled close together like a normal little family does. Except this *wasn't* normal. Because, as much as they couldn't remember who they were, Ranboo knew one thing.

*Theses people were not their parents.*

*They were not their parents.*

***They were not their parents.***

Ranboo suddenly got up, looking like a deer in headlights. Every articulation in their body screamed at the sudden and abrupt movement. They could feel their pupils being blown wide open. Their hands were trembling. The air was filling with static. ***They did not care.*** They walked to the wall.

There they were. In *every single frame* on the wall. These two strangers. *Smiling. Laughing. Playing around.* Hugging Ranboo. In the background of pictures. At the forefront. *Everywhere.*

But these people were *not* their parents.

***So who were they?***

And *where* exactly was Ranboo? Because if these people were not his parents, and these pictures filled this house, *whose* house were they in? And why was it the teen still so *contradictingly sure* that this house was theirs?

The static grew louder. It now was creeping into their sight, making everything further and further away. They could tell a voice was calling for them, trying so hard to grab them, pull them out of it. But they couldn't tell who's it was, even if they wanted to. They just *did not* have the ability to do that right now.

**This was a nightmare.**

The pressure on their ribcage was now like a tight elastic, rapidly shrinking, cutting off their oxygen supply *more and more*. The little grains of reality in front of them were escaping, getting *further and further* away. Ranboo was screaming for them to come back, not to leave. They didn't want to be alone. ***Not again.*** They could feel their own hand trying to find something, *anything* to get ahold of. *Air, air, air*, it was all ***empty air***. Something in their knees shook. A little wobble. Then another. And another. And another. Until their knees were as good as spaghetti. They were gonna *fall*. Into the void. They were going to *fall* and *fall* and ***never stop falling*** and they'll get ***stuck*** into the abyss ***forever*** and—

*Hands.*

*Hand around them.*

*Strong hands.*

*Strong hands slowly guiding them down, until they were on a cold, flat surface.*

*Big hands.*

*Big hands in theirs, rubbing gentle shapes into their palms and their wrists.*

They couldn't understand them, but they could tell words were being spoken to them.  
*Delicate, soft, familiar words.*

Slowly, their breath came back, in a weird little staccato. Not too far back, their perspective was being brought back too, the noise slowly retracting from the dark reality it had escaped from. Everything was still very blurry, and the unexpectedness of being brought back to consciousness *hurt* in an indescribable way, but at least it was a bit better. Blinking a couple times, Ranboo hissed. A couple rogue tears had just escaped their eyes, and found their way down the bandages covering their upper cheeks, only to go *carve* themselves into the exposed skin right under it.

*This just made Ranboo want to start violently sobbing.*

Calloused hands found way onto their cheeks quicker than them, though. Quickly wiping away the abrasive liquid, they offered a very unanticipated, but very welcomed relief. Without really thinking, the teen placed their own hands onto them, and shamelessly nuzzled their face into the physical contact they didn't know they were craving. That was definitely. *Unusual* behavior for them, to put it as simple as can be. The new hands did not protest, however. They simply let the teen act, and softened themselves a bit more, delicately passing

a thumb back and forth on the side of their face, almost as if they were scared that any more pressure would *break* them into a *million* of little porcelain pieces.

After a moment of this, Ranboo let their hands fall down onto their knees, too tired to hold them up anymore. The hands left their face, suddenly creating a *gap*, an *emptiness*, a *need*. A little whine escaped, and if the teen blushed at the unexpectedness of it, it would forever go unmentioned. As quickly as they left, the hands came back, accompanied by an equally strong pair of arms, pulling them into what was clearly meant to be a comforting embrace. And despite a little fumbling, *it worked*. They leaned into it, finding way between the unknown fabrics and their multiple layers, and choose their place onto a warm chest, covered in light cotton, with a vague, distant smell of pine wood and cherry blossoms. A little moment of hesitance was felt, but soon enough the arms closed off their hold, completely enveloping Ranboo in a tender and protective cocoon.

They didn't know if it was the comfort of the embrace, the softness of the clothes, the nice familiar smell of them, or the fatigue brought upon them by the descent from their emotion rush, but soon enough, the teen felt their eyes start to close. And, despite the fact their regular, logic, anxious brain would've absolutely *freaked out* at the simple thought of it hours ago, Ranboo let themselves be guided to sleep. It had been *so long* since that experience had been this peaceful. *Too long*.

...

*Unreadable cascades of worlds ahead*

*Forgotten familiarity*

*Always a hint, never an answer*

*A long time in reach, yet unapproachable*

*Calling, calling, ringing*

*Softly spoken memories to a deafened audience*

*Ringing, ringing, calling*

*Never picked up, never known of*

*On a cliff's edge,*

*Taunting the void with honeyed notes*

*Enraged ember clawing, searching.*

*Never to find prey.*

...

So. Technoblade was now sitting on the floor of a house of a teen he barely knew *anything* about. Holding them on their lap in a tight hug. After they'd absolutely broken down in the middle of their kitchen for a reason that was completely out of his understanding. And now they'd just fallen asleep. This *definitely* isn't how first meetings usually go, he could at least tell you that.

Physical contact definitely wasn't the man's greatest skill, that was for *sure*, but with the way the teen, *Ranboo*, had latched onto the smallest crumb of it, that didn't seem *too* relevant at the moment. Techno sighed softly, passing a hand in Ranboo's black and white hair, and wondered. How long had it been since they'd been in the presence of another person? How long had it been since they've gotten to hold, and get held by someone? If the sight of the younger one sleeping soundly, hands clasped into the fabric of their blouse wasn't so *goddamn adorable*, maybe he would've questioned it a bit more.

He totally *wasn't* being super soft right now. *Never. Impossible.* That would be an incredible lie. *Slander*, even.

Still, he couldn't help himself but stare at the irregularly calm and relaxed face of the teen. It was such a striking difference compared to their usual stressed out, high alert expression. The bandages under their eyes were very concerning, though. Even *more* concerning if he considered what he just saw happen a couple moments prior.

He'd heard of enderman hybrids and their water allergies. But he'd never seen one quite as *bad*. Not even *seconds* after touching the skin, the minuscule teardrops had burned deep into it, and already you could see that a pretty nasty scar was going to form in the area. No place for even the smallest of mistakes or accident. Which means whatever was hiding under theses bandages must be *pretty intense*. Cursed to be hurt by their own tear. *Tragic, truly*.

Not that he was that uncomfortable in the current situation, but the floor *certainly* wasn't his favorite place to be, nor the most cushy. Carefully removing one of his arms from around the teen and slipping it under their knees, Techno slowly secured them in place, and got up in one swift move. Looking around, he pondered on where to go now. He could remember the way to the teen's room, but he didn't really feel like walking up stairs, and also it would kind of feel like invading their privacy a bit too much. *Well*. The living room would have to do, then. It was right next to the kitchen, only separated by a wall, but accessible through two doors at each extremities of said wall. The architecture here certainly was... *Something*. And old. And kinda questionable. But now wasn't really the optimal time to ponder about that, *was it?*

Moving both of them to the living room, and onto the surprisingly comfy gray "L" shaped couch was surprisingly easy. Ranboo was light. *Very light*. Technoblade made a small mental note of it for later. He tried putting the teen in the nice little corner of the couch to let them rest, without success. They were, to put it simply, *glued* to him. I mean, he could've gotten them off if he wanted to, but that would've included loosing his blouse to their growing, very sharp claws. And it was his *favorite* blouse. Hesitantly, Techno sat himself in the corner, not before grabbing a fluffy blanket he'd spotted from the corner of his eye. He draped it with precaution on Ranboo, who did not react in the slightest, for they were *completely* knocked out. A bit more and they'd start snoring, Techno thought. A chuckle escaped him when a not-so-old memory of Phil snoring loudly on the living room couch, in broad daylight mind you, was brought up to the front of his mind.

Oh yeah, *Phil*. If he saw him like this. Oh gods. If he saw him like this, *the jokes* of him being soft, *the jokes*, they would be never ending. And of course he'd tell Tommy and Wilbur, who'd tell the whole neighborhood, who'd tell the whole village, and soon the entire in-between would be calling him soft. No one could know about this. His reputation! *Ruined!* It would be *such* a disaster.

He did, though, have to send a message to Phil soon. Because he had a strong feeling that convincing Ranboo to follow him to the in-between was going to be quite a ride. A *hell of a ride*, even. The teen, despite how fragile they looked, also seemed pretty strong-minded and

logical. And following a, basically, stranger to a whole new *dimension* full of new things and new people and new concepts wasn't something people like them were ready to jump in right away without any questions, *usually*. Also, there was also the whole question of leaving their human life all behind. That never was the easiest.

Looking down at Ranboo's sleeping face, Techno wondered. Who would Ranboo go reside with once they went back to the in-between? Who would they choose? What type of environment would they need? Could they adjust to a world full of unknowns, with people they did not know? *Would they be okay?*

Technoblade's heart tightened up a bit. He... He *didn't* really want to let go. Of Ranboo. Not *literally*, obviously, but, *you know*. The teen... They just reminded them *too* much of him. And he honestly had never felt so protective over someone so fast.

So, in that moment, even if it was the most *irrational* thing he'd ever done, Techno made a promise to the universe.

He'd bring them back to the in-between all by himself. He'd take them in and become their guide and do all the things guides do. Maybe it was a bad idea. Maybe the younger wouldn't even want to stay with him. But, on the sacred bind between him and his deity, *Technoblade vouched*.

He'd protect and care for Ranboo with everything he had. *No matter what*.

## Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! I hope everyone is doing alright and taking care of themselves. I've gotten back into writing this fic full force, so expect pretty regular updates! Don't hesitate to leave a comment, they always make my day <3

## ◆CHAPTER 7: How to kidnap a child in four easy steps◆

### Chapter Summary

|| TW: Implied disordered eating, vague suicidal thoughts ||

Technoblade's plan was very solid and had no flaws whatsoever. Questioning it was a foolish act. Mhmh. This was a totally and very serious statement.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Okay, so, **plan of action.**

**First** step, bond with the kid.

**Second** step, convince the kid to go back with them.

**Third** step, help them pack a bag.

**Fourth** step, return with them to the in-between and convince Philza that's he is very capable of taking care of Ranboo by himself. Mostly.

Super neat, and *absolutely* fool-proof. *Nothing* could possibly go wrong!

I mean, if push comes to shove, he could always just straight up *kidnap* the teen.

"..."

*Maybe* not that last part. A little sigh escaped Technoblade.

" Oh dear and kind Cearii, please lend me your divine blessing. I'm going to need it."

...

This was comfy. *Very comfy*. Ranboo took in a deep breath, moving a bit and leaning in further in the warmth. They hadn't slept that good in *ages*. No *horrific dreams*, no waking up in the middle of it to *agonizing pain* radiating through their body. And no *suffocating* feeling of *loneliness*. They moved a bit more, feeling a couple of their bones and articulations pop and crack, unhappy about being awakened. They did not really mind it too much, one part from being a bit *too* used to it, the other part because they were just *so incredibly comfy* right now. A large hand suddenly appeared on their head, delicately petting their hair, untangling a couple strands on the way. That was.. *very* nice. Despite being still very much not awake, Ranboo could feel their heart warming up, and forming little happy spikes. They shuffled a bit more so that the hand could go through their hair a bit easier, and a small smile started forming on their face.

A low rumbling began forming in their chest. Barely perceptible at first, but ever so slowly growing, and growing, and *growing*. It was a very bizarre, but *very* nice feeling. And it grew more, and more and more, until suddenly;

"Vwroop!"

*Ranboo froze. The hand froze.* Ranboo's eyes opened suddenly, blinking rapidly to chase away the morning blurry-ness. Ranboo's eyes looked up and caught crimson ones, equally as surprised as theirs. *Ranboo stared. Technoblade started back.* Ranboo *continued* staring. Technoblade *hesitantly* continued petting their hair. Ranboo relaxed a bit. Techno ran his hand through the monochromatic hair. Ranboo smiled again

"Vwwoopr!"

Ranboo froze *again*. And then turned **bright** red and hid their face into their hands. Their didn't try to move though, didn't try to leave, or even try to get the hand out of their hair.

They.

*They really liked it.*

This was.

So embarrassing.

The teen knew most hybrids tended to make noises related to their origin, and they knew endermans had a particular, hard to describe one. At least that's what one of the books said.

But they didn't expect it to be this..

*Innocent.*

And *weird*.

Their hair continued to be gently played with, and they did not complain. The low rumble came back, and grew again, and soon the little happy vocalisations just. *could. not. stop.* Ranboo managed to muffle them a bit, and that worked for a little moment.

Until they started *purring*.

***Litterally purring.***

Like a really strangely pitched *cat*.

They whined loudly and buried their head in what they now knew to be Technoblade's chest. To all hell with questioning *why* they're even into his *lap*, *how* they got there, or even *why* they weren't doing *any move* to get out of there. It could never be more embarrassing than *literally purring*.

A badly suppressed chuckle echoed through the older man's chest, and Ranboo whined some more. How *dare* he finds amusement in this obviously *very* serious matter. Ranboo poked him as retribution. It just made him chuckle even more.

Eventually the teen managed to calm down the purring and eventually make it disappear, and that's when they finally got the courage to get their face out of the blouse and speak;

"If you tell this to anyone, you *will* become fertilizer for my garden, that *is* a threat."

Technoblade just couldn't hold it in anymore. He burst into a fit of loud laughter, first banging into the couch cushion next to him. His grip on Ranboo loosened a bit and they slipped softly off Techno's lap, ending up tucked between the couch and the older one's side. Crossing their arms, Ranboo was doing something that could only be categorized as *pouting*.

Eventually the laughter died down, and Techno gave the teen a soft smile before going back to their usual mellow, unreadable face.

"Want to eat kid?"

"... Yes please."

...

Sitting outside on the weathered wood patio, the unlikely pair were eating butter-and-jam-covered waffles accompanied by a hot cup of regular green tea, with a drop of honey. Techno had insisted the teen needed to "*touch grass for a bit*", and they didn't really know how to interpret that. It really was nice being outside, though. The weather was mild, with a very light breeze, and some rare clouds in the sky. The sun was barely waking up, painting the sky with bright colors, and the birds were having their usual little morning chats.

However, a little something was breaking the moment for Ranboo. The last one of their two waffles was *staring* at them. *Intensely*. They knew they should eat it. But their brain just absolutely *refused*. And just thinking about it made their stomach churn. So they stared at the waffle. And *stared*. And *stared*. Until a gentle hand found its way on their shoulder, making them tense up. The moment the realization was made that the hand was, in fact, Techno's, and not just a random stranger's, the teen calmed back down. They even shifted a bit to the side to go snuggle and seek comfort in the oldest's side.

The plate was picked out of their hands and put down on Techno's empty one, as reassuring circles were being drawn into their shoulder. Not a word was said, but everything was understood. An hurricane of thoughts was waiting for Ranboo back inside the house. And they *knew* it. They didn't really want to address it, but they had to, *didn't they?* It was too far to back out now. *No escape paths left*.

...

Ranboo was staring at the wall of pictures once again. Behind them, a very concerned pink hybrid. The teen grabbed a picture frame, and stared at the two strangers in it. It really was a surreal experience. So wrong yet still so real. Ranboo had to know who they were. They had to. Because if they didn't, that just added another impossible layer of *nightmare* to this whole situation. Maybe if they just prodded their brain a bit more. Maybe if they dug at their memory a bit more. Maybe they could find *something*. *Anything*... They gulped back down harshly, trying to bring back in the years wanting to form in the corner of their eyes. *They hated this. They hated this so much.*

*In, hold, and—*

"Do... Do you want to talk about it?" The hesitant voice of the older man interrupted his thoughts.

Turning back to him, still holding the frame, Ranboo asked, on an impulse;

"Do you... Could you... Could you help me find out *who* these people are?"

...

Scouring some stranger's house in a mystery game sort of quest to try to find out about their identities had definitely *not* been on Techno's checklist. I mean, his playlist *was* kind of basic too. Maybe he should've added more steps, more details? *Oh well*. There he was anyway.

He currently was going through the drawers of a desk in a study space on the second floor. Looking through paperwork and trinkets to try to find something, anything. And if it was just any other day, and any other situation, Technoblade would've probably already cracked about a *billion jokes* by now, but right now he was just *concerned*.

It wasn't irregular, per say, for a lost soul to experience memory loss in the period after their hybrid awakening, but this was definitely *something else*. Ranboo had pictures of them and theses people a bit everywhere in the house, and some seeming to date back a bit. They certainly were important people in the kid's life. But they seemed to have *no idea* who theses people were. Which was all *but* reassuring.

And the look in their eyes when they looked at that picture of all them all smiling and hugging. *That look*. It was difficult to pinpoint, to describe, but it could be best described as a meddling of *fear*, *confusion*, and ***paralysing horror***. Which just made Techno's inner alarm blast the loudest it metaphorically could. *No one* looks like that at people they know, trust, and love. Whoever they were, Technoblade decided that they were *not* to be trusted.

Still going through some school papers he found, the pinkette started to notice a strange pattern. The school grade cards were... *Off*. Spreading them out, and organizing them by date, it soon became obvious *what* exactly was weird. There was never reports from the same school two years in a row. As if Ranboo changed school every year. There was also many subjects that did not have grades, simply marked as "N/A". Which usually means the kid has a lot, and I mean a lot, of justified absences, and therefore is not able to be graded properly.

*But.*

Where Ranboo was living right now didn't *seem* to be exactly a big busy city. There couldn't be *that many* schools around here, could it? Opening up the computer in front of him, Techno pulled up Google maps, and started typing, and writing down and *typing*, and *writing down*...

The pieces of paper in front of him were telling an even more confusing story. You see, not a *single one* of the schools Ranboo attended were near each other. *Even weirder*, they were pretty much all in different states. It could be easily be chalked up to Ranboo's... *caretakers?*, having jobs that required them to move a lot but... Techno just had a... *feeling*. A feeling it *wasn't* the case.

He should probably look into that *other* paperwork too.

As he was about to do just that when something violently grabbed and threw him outside his train of thoughts, *slamming* a wave of reality right in his face.

A *scream*. Piercing, high, loud. *Desperate*. ***In pain***.

**Ranboo's scream.**

He *rushed out* of the study, adrenaline *booming* in his veins.

...

It hurt. **It hurt so much.**

In a ball on the floor of the bedroom they were investigating not even moments before, Ranboo let out a scream that probably pierced the *atmosphere*.

**It hurt so much.**

They could feel their jaw being *pushed* and *pulled* in every direction, the skin on their cheeks *ripping* in a *disgustingly* wet *squelch*. Long rusty nails were being *hammered* through their skull and trying to emerge in their mouth. *Rows and rows and rows of them*.

**It hurt so, so, so much.** Another scream left their mouth, longer, *louder*, ***begging***.

They could feel them *piercing* through their gums, *lacerating* them in their frantic fight to break to the surface. Sharp as razor blades, sending waves and *waves*, and *tsunamis* of blazing hot **pain** through their entire body. Radiating from their mouth, their jaw, their head, all the way to the tip of their toes.

**It hurt. Too much.**

Ranboo pleaded, wishing and *hoping* and **praying** for someone, *anyone*, **anything** to help them. Their face burned, tears streaming down it, but it barely felt like an *itch* right now.

Their hands came up, grabbing the furthest back sides of their jaw, body *wrecked* by seismic sobs. They were ready to plant their claws into the skin, ripping *everything* out, *anything*, just to make it **stop**.

But like a *miracle* dropped from the sky, someone answered their prayers for help. Strong hands grabbed theirs, pulling them off their face, and pinning their wrists together, stopping them from trying to harm themselves more. **Technoblade**.

Ranboo would've thrown themselves in his arms if they weren't still in debilitating *pain* at the moment. Their hands tried to rip themselves from the hold, but Techno just secured them both in a single one of his hands firmly. The teen screamed in agony, their mind just yelling at them to make the pain *stop*, by *any way*, at **any cost**. They just cried harder and *harder*, *begging* for it to end, *begging* for Techno to just **finish them**.

Instead, with his other hand, the older one pulled them into a tight hug, pressing his palm into their back and pushing it up and down along their spine, trying his best to ground the teen.

**It hurt so fucking much.**

Ranboo's screams were eventually replaced by *heartbreaking* sobs when their vocal cords gave out. Their hands gave up on fighting, and the teen slumped into Technoblade. The oldest let go of their hands, and they immediately wrapped their arms around his imposing figure, locking them in the back of his blouse. They curved their back and planted their forehead onto his shoulder, *hiding*.

Their pain was making their entire body tremble in brutal blows. It was *too much*. Their mind was starting to go numb, and the whole world was turning. They grabbed onto Technoblade harder. His hand was now in their hair, running through the strands, drawing circles on the nape of their neck. The other hand that had previously been holding their hands was now holding them in a firm hug, gently stroking their back.

Techno spoke, voice softer than anything before. "It's okay kid. I'm here. *I'll take care of you.*"

And with that, *Ranboo knocked out into unconsciousness.*

...

Well, **fuck** the checklist.

He was bringing Ranboo back to the in-between **right now**.

Picking up the teen as delicately as he could, Techno brought them off the floor and back into his arms.

He should probably go pick up some of Ranboo's things before leaving, tough, just in case.

Heading to their bedroom, the pink haired hybrid could feel the high pitched ringing of his internal alarm bell reverberating through the walls of his head. The kid was in *danger*. They were *hurt*. He had to work quickly. *Quick. Very quick.*

Not letting his eyes trail on the disorderly room of the teen, remnants of his own summoning resting without a word in the middle of the room, Techno laid them softly on their own bed. Turning back, he grabbed the first big enough bag he could see, and set on packing everything he deemed useful enough. A couple changes of clothes, which were mainly various long flowy skirts, blouses, and cardigans, since that's what Ranboo seemed to mostly own, and a couple other essentials were thus placed into said bag.

A small box caught his eye, sitting on top of the dresser he had been rummaging through. It was full of crystal pendants, bracelets, and various jewelry. It wasn't very useful in a *logical* sense, and usually he wouldn't have given them presence of mind, but a little *something* told Techno the teen would really, really appreciate it if he brought them along. Sighing, he picked them up and put them gently in the bag.

He pretty much had everything he could think of. Shoes could be useful too, but at the rate Ranboo's transformation was going, the pink hybrid *highly* doubted the ones they had would still fit them.

Tossing the bag on his shoulder, Techno turned around to pick the unconscious teen back up, only to be met with the most bittersweet sight. Slumped to the side, the youngest's hand found a big, squishy black cat plush, and was lightly gripping it. *Well*. I guess Techno was bringing along that too now.

Sliding two arms under Ranboo, he lifted them back up and carefully made sure they were well secured. The big plushy was also carefully held between the two of them.

Turning back from the bed, Technoblade decided to go simple and just step into the already marked out circle. Not that he really needed that, it was just the freest part of the room. Bringing his head down, the pinkette whispered a couple words, barely audible, like a weird *chant* to an invisible audience. I mean. That wasn't totally off, *was it?* Bringing his head back up, still whispering, his eyes abruptly opened, bathing the room in a fantastical ruby red *glow*. Too-familiar golden dots started appearing, slowly assembling, until the golden tread, the door, was right in from of them. Techno mouthed a silent *thank you*, and traversed the passage with ease, like he'd done *thousands* of times before.

...

"Phil! I'm going to need your help! A lot!"

Surprised by the *unusual* tone of urgency in his pupil's voice, the blonde man got off the sofa, and quickly peeked around the door and into the kitchen.

There, a slightly dishevelled Technoblade was standing, eyes full of worry. And arms full of an *unfamiliar* figure. Phil took a couple steps forward, getting a better look.

He froze.

*Oh.*

"*Oh*" indeed, *definitely*. Phil had a whole new adventure on his hands. And *not* an easy one.

## Chapter End Notes

Hiii!! Hoped you enjoyed the chapter!! I loved reading all your comments on my last chapter, and I can't wait to hear your thoughts on this one!! The adventure has now truly began for our little enderkid >:~)!!

Also, random question! Would anyone be interested in audio readings of this fic's chapters? Cauz I was thinking of recording some to try it out, and to help broaden my audience, but idk if that's dumb?

Anyway, hope you enjoyed reading this chapter, because I really enjoyed writing it :D!  
Have a great day <3!!!

## ◆CHAPTER 8: To bandage a feral cat. Or enderman hybrid, pretty similar.◆

### Chapter Summary

Philza tries to make friend with the Ender child. That can't be that hard, can it?

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Philza had seen a lot of new hybrids grow in his lifetime. He could even say he'd seen every single kind there is. He'd helped so many of them through the process, some from inside the in-between, a lot from outside. The outside ones, lost souls as they were called, never failed to surprise him. So resilient despite, well, everything. New to everything, scared of everything, but so strong. And so uniquely different, all in their own little ways.

Maybe that's why he'd been entrusted with so many of them over the years. Because he loved each and every one of them equally, and intensely, no matter how much they hated him at first, how much they didn't trust him at first, how hard it was to acclimate them to their new society. He had a patience that never seemed to run out, and a heart that always had place for more. And because of that, he knew a lot, and I mean a lot, of things about hybrid transformations, no matter what type.

But every so often, one of them would surprise him, make him learn new things, put him on his feet.

And he was confident that *this one* was going to be one of those cases.

Sitting in a chair by a bed, in one of the spare rooms of the house, Philza was analyzing the new presence laying down. He had cleaned up and bandaged them as best as he knew, but the blonde man couldn't help but keep replaying the first sight he got of them in his head.

A young teen, in Techno's hold, completely passed out, and looking almost *disfigured*. Multiple wounds ravaging their face, barely distinguishable from each because of the sheer *quantity* of blood covering it. And so many burn marks, streaming down their face, etched into the skin like permanent tear tracks. And so. Many. Bandages. *Everywhere*. Below their eyes. On their arms. On their legs. On their neck... And they were so thin. Skin and muscles stretched beyond logic, trying to follow the frantic limb growth they were experiencing, leaving rivers and oceans of stretch marks behind, and a body in dire need of more sustenance.

And *so many* patches of soft, velvet-like, black and white skin. Everywhere. Phil knew what they were. Techno knew what they were. Anyone who was familiar with enderman hybrids knew what they were. And if the blonde lead by what he saw on the poor kid's face, they did *not* win the lottery on that gene.

Enderman hybrids were rare, and complicated to deal with, because of the very little amount of information that could be amassed. A small research pool gives you very variable and imprecise research results. But one thing known pretty well of about them, is their tendency to develop *water allergies*. And that the allergy itself only manifests on new patches of enderian skin. Usually, they were few and far between, and the ones Phil had encountered only had minor reactions to water, closer to an eczema reaction than an actual *burn*. So this was definitely. A *bit* out of his regular realm of experience.

Once he got over the sight of the unlucky child, and rushed the three of them to the spare bedroom, not after having stopped to grab his extensive first aid supplies box of course, he noticed something equally strange, but *way* more innocent, and quite amusing.

Techno was, to put it simply, acting very *unusually*. Hesitating to put the teen down, looking intensely over Phil's shoulder as he cleaned up and disinfected the wounds with various waterless alcohols, creams and oils, almost fussing over the kid after new bandages were applied to both old and new injuries. Rubbing gentle circles in their hand, sat on the floor by the bed, not even seeming to notice Phil's amused eyes watching him while he'd packed back the supplies box. Technoblade was acting... protective and caring, but not in a way he'd *ever* seen him do with anyone else. Not with him, not with Wilbur, not with Tommy. *No*.

The piglin hybrid was acting like *Phil* does when taking care of the lost souls he fosters. And if that last one didn't care about waking up Techno's new protege, he'd totally be ruffling his feathers around, chirping away his joy right now. When he will be able to catch Techno alone he will *NEVER* let him hear the end of it. It's going to be *awesome*.

Movement breaks Phil out of his stream of thoughts before he can start thinking about the amount of jokes he'll be able to inflict on Techno now. The teen is waking up. Even if he'd never admit it, Phil tensed up a bit. He watched breathlessly as their hands moved, feeling around the sheet for something, and landing on the big black cat plush Techno had explained the presence of as a "*calculated strategic move of very high importance that you couldn't possibly understand*". They immediately yanked it and buried themselves in, hugging it tightly. "*Couldn't understand*" my ass yeah. It was just an evident choice to make, Phil though, considering how cute the teen was being right now.

A soft whine of pain escaped the Enderman hybrid as their body started waking up too, and the backlog of pain started flowing in. Phil got off the chair and approached a few slow, careful steps forward. A couple other complaints, and Phil spotted one of the kid's hands starting to reach for one of the bandages on their face, clearly aiming to scratch at it. By reflex, the blonde went to stop the hand in it's course, gently pushing it back down, and guiding it back to the stuffed cat.

" Hey, gently mate, we don't want to touch those yet, hold onto your plush instead, would you?" Phil's voice was clear, but soft, and as casual and relaxed as possible.

The teen froze in place, and a quick few seconds later, heterochromatic eyes were staring at him. And then Phil did his *first* mistake. He accidentally locked eyes with them, and stayed a moment too long, mesmerized by the complementary pairing of the emerald green eye with the bright ruby red one.

The younger one basically tore their eyes from his, and pushed themselves deep in the corner between the bed and walls. Bringing up the covers up, hiding the most of themselves they could in it, still holding the plush tight, the teen *hissed* at them. Phil spotted the shining points of their new growing teeth, for a very brief moment. Only for the teen to then cough and whine in pain again, their healing jaw not having very much appreciated being opened so suddenly.

"It's okay, it's okay, I'm only here to help. You don't have to be scared." Phil said, putting his all into sounding the least threatening possible, and smiling gently at them.

The new hybrid did not seem to be convinced, though. Looking frantically around, Phil recognized what they were looking for. *An escape*. He had to act fast.

"It's okay mate. You're safe here. I'm just going to take care of you until you're all better physically, like the hospital, yeah?" No response from them, but they'd stopped looking around and were staring a whole into the wall behind Phil. "Look, if you want, Techno's g-"

Mistake number *two*, apparently.

Faster than Phil could've ever anticipated, the teen got up, pupils blown wide open, looking from side to side, visibly distressed. And then they spotted the door. The older blonde could only leap in front of the door to stop them, causing them both to crash and fall to the ground in a loud bang. Ranboo looked at the floor, confused, and then at him, and then noticed how *close* to each other they were. Backing away as fast as they could, they let out what could only be described as a distressed, extremely high-pitched, *alarm sound*.

Phil's hands shot up to his ears, wincing in discomfort. That definitely. *Wasn't* meant to be nice to the ears. He looked back at the teen, who was still alerting, trying to hide themselves between the floor and the lines in the wallpaper, and his heart broke a little. It definitely *wasn't* going to be an easy journey.

Just as Phil moved himself out of the door's path, though, that last one swung wide open, revealing a high-alert, *very* panicked Technoblade. His eyes didn't even have to scan the room to spot what he was looking for, immediately landing onto the teen. Basically dropping to his knees, the pink haired hybrid started whispering soft phrases to the scared kid, delicately catching their hands and pulling them away from anywhere they could cause hurt, only letting one of them after a moment go to rub their shoulder gently.

And suddenly, a *miracle* happened. Or at least that's what Phil decided to dub it.

The teen *calmed down*, almost instinctively, like their subconscious just *knowing* about Techno's presence was enough cut off the panic attack right in its tracks. Their breathing started slowing down, body language relaxing in mere *seconds*, and their pupils dilated back to a more regular state. When they regained the ability to see normally, their gaze immediately found Techno's, and for the briefest of moment, you could see the purest form of *relief* in them. To add to Philza's complete *disbelief*, Technoblade, his pupil, his life companion, the one he'd rescued himself and who had been by his side for longer than he cared to count, *smiled* at them. Not his usual small reserved smirk. *No*. A gentle, caring, *full* smile. Phil had only seen him give this kind of smile a couple of times, mostly to him, and maybe once or twice to Wilbur and Tommy, when they were younger. But there he was, with this child who was basically a stranger, giving it to them. To say this scene was *absolutely surreal* would be the understatement of the *century*.

Techno's voice, softer than usual, broke his trance:

"Ranboo. It's me, it's okay. You're not in danger."

Okay, so their name was Ranboo, good good. Probably should've asked that earlier. *Oops*.

Phil watched as they relaxed even more, leaning into the hand that Techno was now passing through their hair. That was. *Incredibly fucking cute*. Ranboo's eyes closed and they smiled, and oh god was that adorable, and Phil couldn't stop the little chirp that escaped him.

Suddenly remembering the presence of another person in the room, the youngest basically froze, looking briefly to Phil with fear, and all but jumped into Technoblade, hiding their face into the pinkette's blouse. The blonde let out a little sigh, but the beginning of a smile still appeared on his face. This definitely wasn't going to be *easy*. But thanks to the unlikely bond between the two hybrids, it also wasn't going to be *bad*. And it definitely, *definitely*, was going to be *very* interesting.

...

Comfortably lodged into Technoblade's hold, Ranboo watched the blonde stranger leave the room from the corner of their eye, and let out a soft exhale of relief when it was finally only the both of them. Still, they did not let go of their grasp onto the hybrid, instead burying themselves more into it. Techno helped a bit, pulling his arms around them in a nice warm hug, resting his head on theirs.

It *definitely* wasn't in Ranboo's habits to get so cuddly with people, especially not anyone they pretty much *just* met, but normalcy had pretty much been thrown out the window for them the moment they woke up on that fateful day. And it was pretty much the only sense of security they'd been able to find ever since, so they sure as hell *weren't* about to let it go. Finally daring to look around a bit, the teen analyzed the room they suddenly found themselves in.

A nice wallpaper of creams, vines, and marigolds gave life to the walls, only ever interrupted by intricately ornate wood baseboards. The floor was made out of dark wood, the tint and gloss given to it adding a nice little redish tone that was mostly covered by a large detailed woven rug. The rug seemed to be depicting some kind of flowery scenery, but Ranboo couldn't tell the details from the angle they were at right now. A cozy-looking double bed sat behind them, nicely tucked in the corner of the room. It was draped with a simple green duvet and pillows, and a couple off-white sheets. Hung above it, and on pretty much every other wall in the room, were all sorts of plants, succulents, flowers, both familiar and unfamiliar. On side opposite of the bed, a nice little reading corner was resting, consisting only of a small bookshelf and a vintage sofa chair. A nice painting of an autumn field hung above the low bookshelf. Finally, a big, old-looking window opened up the room, resting in the middle of the wall, between the bed and the reading corner, and opposite to the door.

Soft rays of orange light pierced through the transparent, embroidered curtain, indicating to the teen that it must be late evening by now. They'd been passed out for a moment, haven't they? Oh boy... At least the room was pretty *okay*. They'd honestly be asking a million and a half questions right now, if just trying to mouth the tiniest of words *didn't* send multiple waves of pain through their entire body. And if they weren't so *exhausted* still. The pain was still prevalent, and way more than uncomfortable to push through, but at least it wasn't completely *blinding* anymore.

Techno's voice diverted their attention;

"Hey... Sorry for sprinting all of that new stuff on you. It's just that you were really hurt, and I'm not the best at dealing with these types of thing, so uh..." He looked up, gazing out the window. "Philza, the other person that was here earlier, he's like, a really, really good person, and we're very close. He's taken care of a lot of new hybrids, and he's really good at treating injuries and all that jazz."

Ranboo looked at him, questioning frown growing on their face. The older one ruffled their hair, smiling a bit, sighing a bit.

"You've got to promise me to be nice to him, okay? I'll try to always be here with you when he comes to see you, but you've got to let him do his thing, change you bandages and all that medical stuff, you know? He's really important to me, and I really want you both to get along. Can you promise me that?"

The pink hybrid was looking as his two-toned counterpart. They looked from side to side, still frowning, thinking. Weighing in the options. Bringing their head back up, and locking eyes with Techno, they reciprocated his smile, theirs albeit a little more *wonky*, considering it still hurt to move their face muscles. They nodded, catching one of the older's hands gently. And there they caught *it* again. That little *glimmer*, that little *shine*, filled with sweet *protectiveness* and *care*. The one they'd inadvertently caught when both of them were sat at the kitchen table. And *if* Ranboo's heart melted a little at the idea of Technoblade truly caring about them, a random mess of a person he barely knew anything about, that stayed between them and the setting sun.

And maybe, *maybe*, everything would not be as worse now. *Maybe*. A person's allowed to dream, aren't they?

...

*Back in the now empty house, a phone rang. Ringtone bouncing on the walls, reverberating through the silence, seeking for an answer it'd never get. It rung and rung, until finally giving in and abandoning the hope of ever getting picked up.*

*The ping of a voicemail went unnoticed, and Ranboo's phone stayed laying on the sheets, forgotten in the room, with only companions a set of three peculiar books.*

## Chapter End Notes

Helloww!! Hope you liked this chapter!! It was really fun writing from Phil's POV for the first time, hope that came through!! Bit of a soft chapter, but I don't think you'll mind it too much ;p!

Looking forward to hearing you though and feelings on this one!! Also, any speculation about the last part are very welcomed ;)!

Have a great day <3!!

## ◆CHAPTER 9: This definitely isn't passing any vibe check ◆

### Chapter Summary

|| TW: Mentions of disordered eating, descriptions of puking ||

It just wasn't right.

Nothing was right.

Or in which Boo boi is not vibing.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

*This was not fun.*

The teen was observing as the man, Philza as Techno called him, carefully took off their bandages, exposing *wounds*, over *scratches*, over *gashes* to the open air. They watched as his hand hovered a moment, cotton pad soaked in a mysterious substance in hand, shifty eyes reflecting what Ranboo could only describe as pity. They hated it. Feeling pitied. They did not need that type of feeling towards them, *no thank you*.

Yet they only looked away, out the window, and onto the gently swaying leaves of one of the giant willows in the front yard. This place sure had some impressive greenery. It did not make the current situation less *uncomfortable*, though.

The only reason why they were even *tolerating* the touch and presence of the other right now was because they made a promise. That and that *only*. Letting a stranger witness them in such a vulnerable state certainly never would've been their own personal choice. Only exception being Technoblade, of course, for a reason they still couldn't *totally* pinpoint.

Daring a side glance to the blonde, the newly hybrid let their gaze meander a bit.

No matter how much it hurt their ego to admit it, Phil seemed *really* interesting. From the intricate, gold embroidered, forest green Haorihakama he wore, to the red and yellow ribbons woven in the small braid he sported in the back of his hair, passing by the somehow familiar green emerald dangling from his ear, the man truly *wasn't easy* to ignore. But, even harder to

ignore, were the two *gigantic* charcoal wings he kept nicely tucked on his back at all time, only unfolding and shaking them slightly from time to time, in the same line as one would pop their fingers absentmindedly. The wings almost seemed *out of place* sometimes, surreal even, and Ranboo wondered if they blinked one time too much they'd disappear, and they'd only be the vague memory of a weird hallucination they experienced. But, no. Fretting, shuffling, ruffling, all the little subtle reactions worked in tandem with Philza. They sure had a mind of their own, but everything about the man was so intrinsically linked to the wings, and everything about the wings was tightly linked to the man.

It *truly* was a sight to behold.

Feeling the blonde follow their gaze with a subtle eye, Ranboo immediately looked away, to the trees. It *totally* didn't take their everything to suppress the embarrassed blush that wanted to overtake their face. *Totally not.*

"I have to change the bandages on your face, is it okay if I touch it?"

The teen jumped slightly at the warm voice prodding them, having not anticipated it. They quickly composed themselves however, and nodded, turning their head towards the man, but not their eyes.

Well-lived hands made swift work of their bandages, and soon Ranboo found themselves *hissing* absentmindedly when the cotton pad touched their face. Whatever was on there, it definitely contained alcohol, and considering how *intensely* it made their face sting, the injuries on it definitely *weren't* light. Well, better *not* think about that one too much, sounds like a surefire way to make shit depressing *fast*.

The new touch was kind of *overwhelming*, though, and soon Ranboo found themselves breathing a *bit* too fast for their own liking. *To his credit*, Phil stopped everything he was doing the second he noticed it, which helped the teen to concentrate on calming down a bit.

"Here, grab onto that, it'll help distract your brain while I finish fixin' you up."

The young hybrid looked down, to see a hand presenting him with an unknown object. They stared in confusion. A series of brightly colored lengths of curved plastic that, when fitted together, made a tangled rope of loops. It had joints every inch or so, shaped like some sorts of *radioactive macaronis*.

Hesitantly, they took it, and were immediately amazed. Every separate little joint could be turned infinitely, and the whole objet could be twisted in so many ways. They could put it around their wrist and fashion it into the most *unfashionable* bracelet *ever*, twist it as tightly as possible and turn it into the *chunkiest* ring to ever have existed, or just keep playing with it indefinitely. It seemed to have no clear *goal*, no clear *ending point*, no *precise way* to be used, and that was really *relaxing*, surprisingly. Just little colored noodles having noodle fun and chilling around.

" Aaand, that's done!"

Phil's voice startled them, and brought them out of the little concentration bubble they didn't know they got in. How long had they been playing with the little mysterious objet? How had it managed to make them forget about the *entirety* of the surrounding world? What kind of weird *magical spell* had been put upon it? The blonde must've caught the confusion on their face, because he spoke up again, not before sneakily stifling a chuckle, or at least trying to.

" It's a fidget toy, mate. Helps you focus an' stuff. The humans call it a Tangle, pretty fitting isn't it?"

After cautiously trying to read for any snarky tone in the older's expression without meeting his eyes, and only finding genuity, the hybrid nodded, trailing their eyes back to the toy in their hands. It *was* pretty fitting, that's true. And as simple as it was, it was pretty ingenious, and worked very well. Ranboo had heard of stim toys before, mentioned here and there online, but had never given them a second thought. *Mh*. Maybe they should try looking into theses things more. They were really great, there was no arguing.

As if reading their thoughts, Phil spoke again;

"I got like, a whole box of theses things from when Tubbo, another kid I hosted, stayed here. They've just been sittin' there, you can have 'em if you want!"

Ranboo thought for a whole *five seconds* before enthusiastically nodding, gaze still on the object in their hands.

"I'll go make something to eat, I'll bring 'em back when I come back! Shouldn't be too long, and hour maybe. Techno's out, he promise he'd be back before sundown."

The teen hummed in agreement, too enthralled still to truly care.

Philza's unnaturally *quiet* steps traversed the room, and two long creaks of old door hinges later, Ranboo was left alone once again. Taking a deep breath, they put the toy beside them on the bed and looked outside. The sun was barely starting to descend from its zenith. That's.. a couple hours away from sundown. Far *too* long. Sighing, they looked down their lap. What could Techno *possibly* be doing that's more important than being with them? After all, he was the one who brought him into this *weird* place, somewhere that clearly was *far away* from their home, without asking. The bare minimum would be to at least stay with them here and not let them to the mercy of a too friendly stranger.

"..."

*What was Ranboo even thinking?* Expecting the pink hybrid to forgo his own life to cater to their *whiny* needs? Drop everything just to care for a weird *maladapted* kid he knew basically *nothing* about? When did they become so *selfish*? Theses kinds of thoughts were *not* like them.. They should be grateful to have been rescued and brought somewhere where they were being selflessly taken care of. They should be *grateful* Techno took them to someone who was even willing to help them in this *pitiful* state.

*They should be grateful.*

So *why* were they still feeling and thinking all those *ugly needy things*?

*Why?*

They didn't *want* to. They didn't *mean* to.

But they still *were*.

It was all their *fault*.

All *their* fault.

...

*Hitched breaths,*

*Clogging up reality,*

*Blurring the world,*

*Tearing down the guidelines*

*Searching, searching*

*Tossing, turning, scouring*

*Looking desperately for a piece of clarity*

*Deep inside the brain*

*Following every wrinkles*

*Hoping to find the missing pieces*

*Hoping to find something, anything.*

*Mixed up thoughts,*

*Banging in the distance*

Plunging, yelling at the unknown

...

Ranboo blinked, and suddenly Philza was entering the room once again. Turning their head to the side, they felt like they were in a big tub of *jelly*, unclear and hazy and *detached*. The sun had lowered a significant amount. They sure daydreamed for a *long* moment..

Forcing themselves to look in the approximate direction of Phil, the teen tried to make sense of the *jumble* of sounds the blonde was addressing their way. It was like trying to listen to someone mumbling while underwater. Giving up on that previous idea pretty quickly, Ranboo looked down at what Phil was holding.

Sat on a tray, various vague shapes and colours greeted the teen. With a bit of concentration and focus, they couldn't identify a bowl of soup, a glass of.. something, a nice slice of bread, and a couple of berries. The nice aroma of fresh bread, flour and water melting in with hints of yeast, topped with a nice touch of butter, *wasn't* left unnoticed.

Taking the tray now being presented to them, the variety of smells suddenly hit them all at once. The soup smelled of something familiar, some squash assortment mixed with some roots, carrots or perhaps parsnips, even maybe turnips? A broth of some kind as base, vegetable probably. And lots of spices too! Very comforting overall.

The glass of what Ranboo now could now describe as shining pink liquid didn't smell like much, if not a very distant hint of citrus and chamomile. And the berries, well, they smelled of fresh berry, sweet and still imbued with morning dew.

Phil had stopped trying to talk with them, or at least that's what Ranboo interpreted the sudden silence in the room as. The teen mouthed a silent "thanks", and that seemed to be enough for the older winged hybrid, who promptly got up, addressing a melodic jumble of sounds to them, and leaving the room once again.

Moving to sit more in the middle of the bed, legs criss-crossed a bit clumsily, they planted the tray just in front of themselves and started eating. The bread was as *good* as they'd imagined, and they gulped it down as quickly as they could manage with the pain, with help of the *mysterious* drink to not absolutely choke and die. Chewing something wasn't the *best* experience right now, considering their predicament, but, well, Phil had given it to them, so it *must* be okay. Technoblade had said Phil would *never* do anything to hurt them, and Ranboo believed Technoblade. Technoblade would *never* lie to them.

When came time for the soup, Ranboo hesitated. Spoon in hand, they stared at it. The more they stared, the *darker* and more *warped* the world around it became. It *nagged* them, *taunted* them, yet they couldn't bring themselves to take a bite. They *wanted* to. But they *couldn't* for some reason they couldn't place. Tear of frustration started welling up in the teen's eyes, so they closed their eyes, and forced themselves to take a couple deep breaths.

*In, hold, and out.*

*In, hold, and out.*

When they reopened their eyes, the world was back to normal, and the soup was back to being regular, good *ol'* soup.

Okay. Deep breaths again. *In, hold, and out.* It was *just* soup. They could do it. They had to eat *anyway*, I'd been *so long*. Dipping their spoon in, and bringing the soup up to their lips, they took the first sip. Oh, that was.. *really good*. So they took *another* one. And *another*. And suddenly they found themselves devouring it until nothing was left in the bowl, not a *single* drop. That.. that wasn't that bad, was it? Pretty *okay*, even.

Ranboo moved back a bit, and felt the food move in their stomach. They felt so *full*.

And suddenly, they were *up, out* the door, and *running* to the nearest bathroom, the one Philza showed them earlier. It was *not* okay.

...

Ranboo had been on the bathroom for what felt like *ages*, **retching** and **coughing** and holding back tears as hard as they could, kneeled on the cold hardwood floor in front of the toilet.

Philza had to rush to them as soon as he'd heard the teen stumble out their room in a panic, and was currently doing his best to try to reassure and comfort the younger hybrid, tying their hair up, rubbing their back reassuringly, and slipping comforting words here and there.

The teen wanted to cry *so much*. Each movement from their stomach made the **sickening** feelings come back, and made their whole body want to eject it. Their meal was long gone, leaving a **bitter** and **acidic** taste in their mouth, which mixed with the blood was *quite* the experience. Experience they could've *definitely* lived *without*.

**Why** was this all happening to them? All they wanted to was a bit of normalcy, a regular meal, like *before*. But just trying to *think* of food now made his throat tighten up, nausea punching them *straight* in the gut, head *spinning*. It's not that they didn't *want* food. They really *did*. They just **couldn't** stomach it anymore. They **really** wanted to eat. It really **hurt**. But they'll try again and again if they had to. They really wanted that part of *normal* back. *They needed it*.

Or *did they*? Was it *really* worth the pain?...

With Phil's encouragements, Ranboo managed to slowly calm themselves, and stop their body from trying to empty a *long* emptied stomach. They were, however left a *sweaty*, *shaking* mess, barely able to hold their head up. The older managed to move them a bit, getting them to sit, legs out, back on the wall for extra support. He cleaned them up the best he could with a towel he'd pulled from, *somewhere*, sometime, *somehow*. If they were the slightest bit more lucid, the teen would be *incredibly* embarrassed right now, but they just weren't, and also just didn't have the *strength* for that right now.

A new person entered the room, catching both for their attentions. Stopped in the doorway, long hair tied into a high ponytail, rectangular glasses on his nose, casual clothes on, but still equally as *impressive* in presence, stood Technoblade. Who did not even take *two* seconds to

process the scene before all but *throwing* himself at Ranboo's side. Despite how weak they felt, the young hybrid reached for their pink counterpart, doing their best to hold back sobs. They were so *pathetic*.

Techno immediately took the hint, and pulled the teen in, holding them close and whispering soft nonsense to them, like the world was about to *crumble* on itself right this *instant*. *Maybe it was. Who could ever know*. Ranboo just let themselves be cuddled, breathing in the reassuring familiarity, and trying to get the sporadic, *intense* shaking under control. They really *weren't* feeling good. The oldest's arms brought them in even closer, tightening a bit, and a hand was placed in their hair to run through. If this happened again, it would *have* to be called a routine. Not that the teen would complain about that much.

*But still.*

Everything else was *wrong*.

As much as they enjoyed Techno's comfort, they couldn't help but to feel so extremely *lost* and *confused*. They didn't want to be *here*, in this strange place full of new *unknowns*, where nothing was the *same*, and nothing worked like it did *before*. They didn't even know *where* they technically were, or *how* they got here. Nuzzling in his caretaker's chest, Ranboo couldn't help but have their most *selfish* thought to date. *Ranboo...*

***Ranboo wanted to go home.***

## Chapter End Notes

SO SORRY FOR TAKING SO LONG TO UPDATE AHHH ;;;!!!! There's a big anime convention happening this weekend in my city and I've been all wrapped up in the good ol' con crunch :'))... I've also gotten a new job, so there's that!

Anyway, hope you enjoyed the chapter!! It was quite a hard one to write, but I really enjoyed it regardless. I always enjoy writing for this fic ngl, it's a big comfort. Don't hesitate leave you thoughts in the comments!!

Have a good day :D!!

## ◆CHAPTER 10: Detective blade and wet cat boo◆

### Chapter Summary

In which Techno does his funky little explanation , and Ranboo is no longer crusty and unwashed

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Technoblade felt a bit guilty leaving Ranboo alone so soon after dropping them in the in-between and in Phil's care. It's not that he didn't want to take care of them, or be near them, or even really like dropping scared kids in new unknown *pocket dimensions*, but they really needed to continue that investigation they'd started back at the teen's home.

Something was really, *really* wrong, and he had to find out what.

Stepping out the golden door he knew the spell off by heart, the hybrid didn't take a single moment to revisit his surroundings, instead directly taking direction to the study room.

An orderly mess of scattered papers greeted him on the desk, not a half of a millimeter away from where he'd left them previously. Swinging off his shoulder and onto the chair the messenger bag he brought along, the hybrid took in the surroundings, thinking. Gently pushing to the side the small stack of grade cards and organizing the rest in a neat little pile, he settled on checking the place for any extra documents or piece of information that could be useful.

The desk had a couple drawers, but all he could find of relevance was a small paper organizer full of receipts. The rest was full of random, regular papers and stationery supplies. The organizer's contents was certainly... *irregular*. Receipts on receipts of seemingly regular errands, with random items, unrelated to each other, highlighted on each of them. At the very

back of it, though, sat a *ridiculous* amount of therapy slips. Like the ones you'd get at the end of a session to pass on to insurance.

A quick skimming through revealed the sessions were never more than a week apart, sometimes multiple times per week, and spanned on years, but often had week-long gaps between each other. *I mean*, if a therapist works, why change I guess? The hybrid couldn't help but to be curious as to why they'd kept that many slips, but *oh well*, never hurts to keep a paper trail. The other receipts definitely deserved to be checked, though.

Leaving the desk, Technoblade started looking around the room. There wasn't much in here apart from the desk and chair; A simple black bookcase containing various theory volumes, ranging from language to history with a preference for science it seems, a sad potted plant by the door, a couple flower prints on the walls, a tall lamp, and a simple blue rug. An in-depth analyze of the bookcase didn't reveal any important documents or anything worth investigating. That certainly was a bummer.

There was nothing hiding under the paintings, the plant, the desk, or chair *either*. And not even *one* secret floorboard cache. This room was very disappointing. There still was a room of interest to search through, though! The, *parents?*, bedroom. The one Ranboo was investigating before they had to be rushed back to Phil's.

Making his way through the corridor and to the room, Technoblade could barely shake off the weird, gloomy, *uncomfortable* feeling the empty house gave him. He was not *new* to the notion of being surrounded by voices and ears and presences even when alone, but that was a *whole different* can of worms. And the kind of eery feeling being alone in a space gives someone just *can't* be compared. It never gets less weird, sadly. He wasn't that bothered by it, but it definitely *wasn't* his favorite feeling. *Maybe* he should open the corridor light on his way back, that could definitely help. Or *maybe not*. Listen, he was just too lazy sometimes. Remembering to close lights was hard. And *no*, he will not take *any* questioning of this statement.

Talking of lights, he just clicked open the bedroom one, right as he stepped inside.

*Okay. Okay, wow.*

The hybrid may have *many* feelings about the other residents of this house, but that room was absolutely *impeccable*. You could easily think you'd just accidentally stepped into an *Ikea display* if it wasn't for the *fine* layer of dust on everything. And the couple pieces of clothing long forgotten in the laundry basket.

*Perfectly* folded sheets, *shimmering* light fixtures, *tasteful* accent wallpaper with *color matched* walls, *matching* furniture, assorted ***everything***. Impressive would *definitely* would be a word to describe it.

The pink haired hybrid couldn't get too distracted by nice decor, *tough*. Quickly shaking off the string of thought, he got back onto his mission.

Carefully looking through drawers and closets and under paintings, vases, decorations, searching for *any* hidden spaces. Nothing seemed to be giving hints, uncovering leads, nothing. Just *good old regular* bedroom vibes.

The perfect-ness of the room was getting *kind* annoying, to be honest. Everything was where it should be, nothing was out of place, nothing was out of the ordinary. Just a perfect room with perfect floor planning.

Sighing, Techno rounded the bed once more, but this time *something* caught his attention. *A soft sliding sound*. He just kicked an *object* under the bed. Getting down on the floor, he looked, and could see a glimmer under there. *Bingo*.

Wiggling his arm to the best of his ability, he blindly reached for it, quite unsuccessfully. It wasn't always the easiest thing, being a piglin hybrid. *Sure*, you're stronger and faster and all of *that*, but also bigger, and small spaces *definitely* are your arc nemesis. It was the one and only situation in which he envied small people. But *never* would he admit it, for Tubbo would *surely* catch wind of this and him and Tommy's pranks would be so much more *annoying*.

Reaching a bit more, and wiggling his arm around, Techno hit something. It definitely wasn't the thing he was trying to get, but it was *wedged* in the the planks of the bottom of the bedframe, and definitely was meant to be hidden, so it was *sure* to be important. He tugged a bit, but the object eventually got dislodged, and he was able to pull it out.

In his hands was now a strange binder, black in color and made of plastic. The thing was *covered* in thick layer of dust, indicating it'd been hidden there for a good while. Once swiped away, it revealed a hastily written "***DO NOT READ***" in cheap paint marker. Well, that certainly *wasn't* ominous at all. *Totally not*.

Technoblade put it aside a moment to try retrieving the original item he'd been going for. After a couple tries he finally manages to get a grip on it, and pull it out. It was the *picture frame* Ranboo had grabbed the last time they were here, and when they revealed to him they had *no* recollection who the people they'd visibly been living with for a while *were*. Techno

passed a thumb over the glass, looking at the teen happily smiling in it. Hybrid transformations *definitely* weren't to be taken lightly, that's for sure. Ranboo already looked *realities* appart from the version of themselves that was sitting in the picture frame.

This definitely was a weird situation to be in. Leading a one-man investigation about a situation that just kept on getting weirder and *weirder* the more he dug.

Techno decided to bring the frame with him, *for good mesure*. Couldn't be bad to have a visual reminder of the subjects of his investigation either. Getting up and exiting the bedroom, he made sure to close the lights.

Once back into the study, the hybrid gathered up all that he'd gathered up, and carefully put it in the previously empty messenger bag that had just been sitting there, waiting. With a smirk, he placed it on the ground, and tapped it with his index twice.

"Come on, you can do your thing now, you've been patient enough."

And then the bag *lit up*. It lit up and *floated* up and shined and *twirled* like I'd been waiting for theses words and *theses words only* since forever. And then, *picture perfect* copies of the objects placed inside of it just moments ago burst out, materialized out the very *fabric* of the universe. Techno, however, did not seem phased. He stepped forward, and addressed the new apparitions;

"Go on, fill your purpose, hide the gaps."

And with a simple blow, there went the imitations, zipping through the air, disregarding walls, or *physics* for that matter, and away they went, positioning themselves where the originals had previously been resting. With a contempt smile, the pink hybrid grabbed the messenger bag still sitting in the air and sat it on his shoulder.

It *sure* had advantages, being the pupil of a high magic handler, and the vessel of the blood deity.

Now, to analysing all that information!

...

Welp, *change of plans*.

As soon as he stepped trough and inside the house, Technoblade knew he had to find Ranboo as *quickly* as possible. Was it the strange heaviness in the air, the soft whispers of Phil's voice upstairs, or just a gut feeling that's alerted him? *Who knows*. He just knows that when his feet lead him upstairs, bag long ditched on the kitchen table, he immediately found his way in the bathroom's doorway, and his heart broke a bit more for the young hybrid.

Against the wall, glossy eyes and pale skin, *shivering*, sat the teen. And the second their looked at him, resigned desperation in their eyes, he couldn't help but rush to them. They reached for him, tears threatening to fall, and Techno immediately enveloped them tightly, doing everything he knew to calm them, console them. As Ranboo was practically melting in his chest, the pink hybrid finally took a moment to turn his eyes towards Phil and acknowledge his presence, sending his way a concerned and questioning look. The older one let out a long breath, looking to the side.

"I'm not completely sure about what happened, but I heard them rushing from their room not long after I gave them diner, and I found them here. Being.. sick. I think maybe they ate too much too fast, but I ain't too sure..."

" Mh... okay... yeah... Thanks for looking out after them Phil."

"Anything for you mate. Want me to leave ya' two alone for a bit?"

"That'd be nice."

And with that, Phil got up and left, presumably to the kitchen to boil water for tea. Techno continued comforting the teen, running his hand through their hair gently. After a while, they seemed calmed down, and hesitantly asked;

"How you feeling kid..?"

A small grumble, followed by Ranboo moving and peaking their head out to vaguely look in Techno's direction. They practically whispered back, voice raspy;

"Like shit..."

The older hybrid hummed. "What about we do some nice calm stuff the rest of the evening? Would you like that?"

Thinking a moment, the teen answer with an affirmative nod.

"Good good. 'Was thinking I could grab you a water resistance potion so you can finally take a nice bath, and then we go for tea on the balcony outside? You could see the greenery a bit better there."

A little silence, thoughtful.

"I could do your hair too, if you want."

Techno didn't really know what drove him to that proposition, as it's a bit random and not *really* something he tends to do often anymore. Not since Tommy moved out at least. Ranboo did seem like having their hair played with a lot, so maybe that's why.

The glimmering eyes that met his seemed to confirm that theory. That and the soft "Yes please..!" that escaped them too.

A soft smile on his face, Techno helped Ranboo get up with him. He then started them a bath, all while explaining briefly the workings of a water resistance potion, before pulling one of said potions from under the sink. He watched as the teen grimaced after drinking it, the memories of its vague salt water and algae taste passing on his own tongue, and he chuckled a bit at the lighthearted betrayal in their eyes as they pouted at him. Finally, after a quick trip to guest room he handed Ranboo a change of their own clothes, and the little jewelery box they'd also grabbed back them. The small smile on the teen's face when they saw the box was reason enough to justify why he took it in the first place by tenfold.

Showing all the necessary items to them, Techno left the bathroom, making his way to join Phil in the living room, already smelling in the air the cup of jasmine green tea with honey.

...

It felt so *weird* to touch water after so long. Even more to just be *sat* in it. Bathing. Chilling. Having a *very* good time.

Techno had explained to them that the potion lasts around an hour, and couldn't be consumed too often because of the potential side effects, but the teen was just grateful for the fact it *existed* at all. Moving the remaining bubbles on top of the water, they thought about how long it'd been since they were able to properly wash themselves. I'd certainly been... a while. *Kinda* disgusting honestly, but *oh well*, it's not everyday you start turning in a whole ass *hybrid* that apparently has a fight to pick with water. Kind of a shame, considering long warm showers were always Ranboo's number one way of pulling themselves out of the funk without having to pull out too much efforts. That and cute outfits. At least they could still do cute outfits. They still couldn't believe Techno had grabbed their jewelery box. If only he *knew* how much that box meant. It was really, *really* nice overall still.

Once they were done bathing and reveling in the way the water wasn't burning them up, the newly hybrid reluctantly got out of the water and emptied the bath, after which they dried themselves meticulously with the, *incredibly soft I might add*, bath towel. Pulling on the outfit Techno had brought them, they couldn't resist a little twirl and smile in the mirror that sat over the sink.

The oldest had chosen one of their *favorite* casual blouses, a gentle black linen blouse with a short ruffle collar, and subtle short ruffled sleeves. He'd also grabbed one of Ranboo most recent thrifted skirts, a red ankle length vintage pleated skirt that opened and closed along the entire length with buttons. And a nice pair of cute lacy white socks! The teen pulled a pair of simple golden hoop earrings and a golden chain with one of their favorite snowflake obsidian pendants to tie up the look.

The teen did a little stop at the bedroom that was being lent to them right now to deposit their old clothes and the jewelery box, and headed directly downstairs. Philza was standing in the kitchen, washing some dishes, and he smiled brightly when he saw the teen. They reciprocated with a awkward little wave.

"Techno's been waiting for you on the front balcony! Make sure the door is closed real good when you go out, it's a bit of a stubborn one."

Phil signaled the door with a move of his head, and Ranboo tanked him softly, swiftly making his way to said door, and stepping out. *Mh*, it's true, the door *was* a bit tricky to close completely.

Turning, the teen almost lost his breath. Bathed in the low light of the descending sun, a nature like they'd never seen before greeted them.

The giant willows they'd been admiring through the window looked even bigger and more impressive, the grass looked even more luscious, with its various patches of clover, moss, and other little greenery. Flowers of all kinds scattered themselves everywhere, from simple wildflowers to tulips and begonias, to flowers they'd never ever seen before, all soaking in the sun like they'd always belonged there, unbothered by the concept of seasons or logic. A rock path seemed to extend itself for a while, almost reaching the not-too-far-away river that traveled from each point of horizon, but got stopped by another stretch of smoother path that followed the river's direction. Various wild animals could be seen relaxing on the premises,

completely unbothered by the signs of habitation. Ranboo doesn't think they'd ever been that close to wildlife, and seen it so serene.

"It never gets old, trust me."

The teen jumped, take completely off guard by Techno's voice, who was just casually sitting on the stairs to their far left. He smiled, tapping the spot next to him, inviting them, and the teen gladly accepted.

"I'll take you to the village's library soon if you want. They've got tons of books about the local fauna and flora, very interesting stuff. I wrote a couple of the ones they have, actually."

Ranboo nodded. That *definitely* sounded like something they'd enjoyed. They wouldn't have clocked Technoblade as an avid writer, so that was a lovely surprise, and they'd definitely be asking him about what other stuff he wrote later on.

"Want me to start doing you hair now? Before it dries too much and becomes too tangled for the brush?"

The teen agreed, and the oldest moved behind them, brush in hand. It'd been... Actually they couldn't remember the last time someone did their hair. So either it was their memory defaulting then again, or it'd been really, *really* long.

As the brush started to go through their hair, and Techno's gentle hands helped detangle and more some strands, Ranboo could feel themselves basically melting on the spot.

It was really nice, and, *for a moment*, surrounded by all that pretty nature, the teen let themselves breathe and relax and bit. *Just for this one moment*

Hiii! So sorry for disappearing on everyone again ;;;!!! So basically I got a new job, started said new job, went to a convention for three days, and then caught Covid for the first time ever last monday:~)!! It was rough, but I'm doing better now, if you ignore my already shitty lungs brings absolutely wrecked now, but hey, the fanfiction grind never stops!

Hope you liked the chapter!!! I put a lot of little hidden hints for y'all to try decrypting hehe~~ Don't hesitate to leave a comment, it always makes me super happy!!

Have a great dayyyy <3!!!

## ◆CHAPTER 11: Why think, when horse? Mhhh?◆

### Chapter Summary

The boo has a lots of thoughts.  
And then, road trip! On a horse. Horse trip?

||| TW: Suicidal ideation, brief mentions of disordered eating |||

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

*Everything still hurt too much.*

It was the middle of the night, yet Ranboo was wide awake, desperately trying and failing to focus on their breathing.

*It all hurt so much.*

They should be finished growing soon, if they referred back to the book on hybrid growth they read back to what seemed *forever* ago now. It still felt so, *so* long, and uselessly *painful*. It wasn't big things anymore, like when they grew in their new rows of teeth, but rather an accumulation of smaller things.

Like the million of little needles constantly getting twisted around in their jaw, pushing in *deeper* and *deeper* everytime they'd move it.

Like the strange forces pulling appart their muscles, trying to just make them longer and longer, stretching them thin, *desperately* trying to follow the growing rhythm of their bones.

Like the nausea constantly choking them, threatening to spill its contents out at the smallest wrong move.

Like the constant drowsiness settled between their eyes, all the way back in their skull, making everything blurry and confusing and *harder*.

*Why did they have to deal with this still?*

It's been a bit over a week since they've arrived at Phil's and Techno's home, in this strange realm they still didn't totally understand. They were being well cared for, no qualms about that, but it didn't make everything else less *bad*.

They were tired of the daily ache, of the daily vomiting, of the daily bouts of mind-numbing pain, of the *homesickness*. Everything here was just so calm and slow and patient, and Ranboo should be grateful, they should appreciate it, but they just *couldn't bear it*.

It just felt *wrong*. Like an ever looming feeling of eerie-ness, following them around, whispering in their ear how much they didn't belong here, how *wrong* their presence in this house was, how they were ruining the softness and calm of this place with their *gruesome* and *disturbing* appearance and self. Sticking out like a sore thumb, that's the best way to describe how they felt. A *gross, repulsive* nightmare of a teenager, who'd somehow ended up in dreamland. *A mistake to be fixed*.

They'd been thinking about a lot of stuff, while at the same time thinking about nothing at all. Looking over the shambles of their life, trying to find a reason, *something* to blame for their current demise. Staring at the details in the wooden floor for hours, with only the noise of static filling their brain for hours on end. Overanalyzing *every single word* they've ever spoken. Closing their eyes and shutting down any noise in their head, *pretending to be dead*. Carefully planning what they'd do if they ever managed to get back in their regular home in regular earth. Seeing how long they could keep their breath until their body forced air in their lungs. Wondering how long it'd take for the maggots and mushrooms and other *dead-eating* creatures to *whittle them down to only bones* if they suddenly passed away on the forest floor.

*Everything was so exhausting.*

Ranboo layed their head down on the pillow.

...

Ranboo woke up to the chirps of birds, right over their head. A slight shiver of cold ran through their body as they struggled to open up their eyes. First they noticed the unusual pattern of colors, unlike the ones they'd usually see when waking up in bed in the morning, but didn't question it too much. *Maybe it was just the fatigue.* Then they noticed the absence of comfy duvet and pillows. Then the absence of mattress. And then their vision cleared up.

They were sprawled out in the floor, uncomfortably tucked in a ball under the window, holding their tail.

*What.*

Shaking themselves up, they slowly got up the floor, which sadly didn't do anything for their cracking locked joints. *What a joy.*

A strange sense of familiarity washed over them. *Certainly* it wasn't the first time this had happened recently. They just... Couldn't remember when or why or how. Another thing to add to the ignored problems pile, *I guess.*

Just as they sat back down on the bed, a knock on the door. Waiting, *one, two, three, four, fi—* and in popped Techno's head, looking almost sorry to disturb Ranboo's *oh-so-busy* morning, like everyday. He asked if he was okay to enter, like every morning, despite the house being his and them only being a guest, and Ranboo obviously let him in, because why would they ever *not?*

And as always, the teen almost launched themselves in Techno's arms as soon as he sat down on the edge of their bed.

"I'd have a proposition for you, today, if you'd like to hear it."

The low rumble of Techno's voice reverberated in the youngest's ear, as they were all cuddles up with their head on his chest.

"Mhh... What is it?"

"Okay, so you know how I told you I write books, and I get them published from time to time?"

The teen hummed in agreement, playing with a stray hair strand that had evaded from the oldest's usual braid.

"Well, I've finished a new one, and I need to go give the manuscript to the printer in town so I can get copies made for the local library, and to send to other the other printers in other villages. So they can print it too if they want and stuff."

"Oh, what's it about?"

"It's a sort of cookbook/informative novel about the different type of herbal teas you can make with the flora local to our area that Phil and I did a collab on. I already knew a bit about that subject, but he is basically the ultimate expert on it, and I thought more people could benefit from that knowledge. Basically, it goes by types of tea. Each new "chapter" is a new tea, and tells you a bit about the origins of the plants you're gonna need, their proprieties and meanings, and then where to find them, how to forage them, how to dry them, and the best way to brew that specific tea. It's more of a casual read, but I really like the end result. We even got a local painter to draw imagery for it too! She's living in the village so I've got to go get them from her and put them down in the manuscript before giving it over."

"That's really cool! I wouldn't have seen you as a cookbook type of person."

Techno chuckled.

"To be fair, I write a bit of everything. Only thing I've never written about is mathematical theory, it's just not my thing. Also too much of it kinda bores me, so I'd end up falling asleep at my desk all the time if I tried writing one, I think."

The young hybrid cracked a smile, twisting the hair strand around their finger. A moment of silenced painted the room, empty but not uncomfortable.

"So, uhhhh, yeah. To go back what I wanted to ask. Since the village isn't really close to here, and that I don't go too often, I was thinking of staying there a couple of days..."

Ranboo tensed up and stopped moving, staring at the empty air in front of them.

"... and since I know you don't like being appart from me for long, I was wondering if you wanted to tag along? We'll be visiting some of the people I know over there, but you'll be free to walk around on your own too, or just chill at the library or the place we're gonna be staying at."

Ranboo relaxed a bit, and started playing with their fingers, thinking. It sure could be pretty nice to get out a bit, and see a bit more of this place. After all, they kinda were stuck here for the moment being anyway. That would mean meeting new people, though, and having to engage in exhausting small talk. *Urg*. But Techno also said they could just do solo things too. And the library *does* sound quite tempting. After all, they hadn't gone to one in... Well, since *that* day. And it was always better than staying here without Techno for *who-knows-how-long*. It's *not* that Philza was that bad to live with, but they didn't really *trust* him yet, and he also just wasn't *Techno*.

" Mh... Okay, I'll come."

The older hybrid smiled at them and gave them a gentle pat on the head.

"That's set then! Wanna help me pack for us two? I was thinking of leaving tomorrow in the early morning so we'd get over there before sundown."

The dual toned teen agreed, only if they could go get breakfast and cuddle a bit more before, which, of course, Techno gladly accepted.

...

When Technoblade said early morning, he truly means *early morning*.

Staring at the barely rising sun, still very low on the horizon, a very sleepy Ranboo was being helped on a horse by Philza on the ground, and Techno, who was already perched up on there. Following the instructions and wrapping their hands tightly around their pink carer, arms encountering the nice cotton of one of his rare more casual shirts.

*Clearly* not awake enough for any of this, the teen nuzzled his way into the crook of Techno's shoulder, resting comfortably on the soft fur of his cape.

Uncomprehendable words were exchanged between the blond and his pupil, whispers lost to the young's very fuzzy brain, and off they went.

If they were a tad bit more awake, they'd probably be *terrified*, clinging onto Techno, realizing this was the first time they'd ever rode on a horse, and that the horse in question was *absolutely massive* and bigger than any they'd ever seen. *Granted*, they hadn't seen a lot of horses in their lifetimes, but *still*.

Instead, the sound of hooves clacking, reigns clicking, the horse's loud breathing, and the lull or it's swift movement strikes them as actually quite comforting, in all their unawakened fog.

*Very* comforting.

...

*Glistening skies of the unknown  
Shining above, tempting yet unreachable  
Words riding the winds  
Always passing, never heard*

*Glistening skies of the unknown,  
Calming, but ominous  
Asking, begging to be trusted  
Sweeping it's snickers away in the winds.*

...

Gentle prodding woke them up.

More than a bit confused, Ranboo followed the lead that was being given to them by Techno and stepped off the horse. Oscillating a bit, they focused on getting their bearings pinned down. Everything was a bit of a blurry mess, but they slowly were able to sort the colors into shapes, and shapes into pieces, and pieces into an image. And so, *so* many smells, *new smells*.

The smell of water racing and splashing around in the horizon breaking river. River which glistened and shone and took away their breath by it's unique piercing blue color, unlike any they'd ever seen. It was like watching *millions* on *billions* on *infinite* of little blue gems reflecting the sunlight, so majestic and powerful.

The smell of the nearby forest, air blowing through leaves, caressing wood, *soaking in* the life around itself and spreading it around with care.

Lastly, the smell of of the plain they were standing in, carpeted with greens of all kinds, and even small little wildflowers, dispersed around like subtle confetti.

This definitely was.. *different*. Not bad, different. Very good different.

A nudge to their shoulder diverted their attention.

"Wanna help me set up our little picnic spot? We're gonna take a moment to eat, let Carl rest up a bit, let you wake up completely too."

Ranboo nodded a bit, yawning. They watched the older hybrid set up a blanket on the ground, and promptly plopped themselves onto it while the other rummaged through the pouches hung on the horse's saddle, and pulled out a little bundle of square boxes. He set them up carefully in front of the both of them, giving the teen's sleepy head a couple ruffles.

" Where are we? "

Techno lifted his head, smiling at the youngest.

" Nowhere special, in theory. Discovered this little field once when I was coming back from the village. I was following against the river's edge instead of going through the established path in the forest, because Phil had asked me to look if I could find him some specific plants he'd been having a hard time foraging. Ended up stumbling on this little place here, and really enjoying the atmosphere and calm, so I try to make the little detour once in a while, if I can. Thought you'd appreciate it, too. "

The teen, passing their fingers through the long grass, hummed.

" It's very nice, yeah. "

The picnic was quite simple. Some triangle sandwiches, a bit of cheese, some grapes, and tea, all prepped and packed by Phil. It was all very neat and simple, but had this strange *familiar* and comforting taste. Maybe it was the diagonal way the sandwiches were cut, the neat little organized way the food had been packed in boxes, or the matching thermos and cups for the tea. Maybe it was just *knowing* Phil made them. He *may* still be untrusted, but it couldn't be argued that his food had this nice little *je-ne-sais-quoi*.

The duo ate in silence, taking in the sights, and breathing in the crisp air. The teen didn't eat a lot, *as usual*, and felt guilty, *as usual*, but the older one didn't mention it, *as usual*, instead passing them a warm cup of tea when he noticed they'd been staring at the food in front of them a bit too long. *A silent way out*, which the youngest *gladly* accepted, taking the cup in between their hands, lightly blowing on it before drinking some. *Mh, green tea*. With something else, *some type of flower, maybe?* Ranboo had never been much of a tea *connoisseur*, or even much of a tea drinker. It was nice, though. Maybe they'd end up taking more of an interest in teas, who knows. *Who knows*.

After resting around a bit longer, Techno packed the leftover food, and then got the dual toned hybrid to help him pick up and fold the blanket, before packing all of the things back

into Carl's saddle pouches. *Carl*. It was kind of a funky name for a Horse, that's for sure. Kind of quirky. It fitted him, though, Carl sure seemed like a quirky guy.

And Carl was. *Very* big. ***Very. Big.***

*Oh.*

And they'd manage to *fall asleep* while riding on that?

A badly muffled laugh came from Techno, who had been trying his best up until that point to not explode with laughter at Ranboo's completely bewildered expression.

" C'mon, I'll help you on. "

A bit of shuffling and laughing around later, the two of them were safely mounted on, and ready to go. And with a simple command from Techno, they suddenly were moving. *Fast.*

And Ranboo *totally* didn't squeal and tighten their grip on the oldest when that happened. *Totally not.* That would be *complete* non-sense. *Mhmmh.*

After a bit of burying their face in Techno's back, the teen got summoned a bit of braveness from, *somewhere*, and tempted a glance up.

*Colors*, flowing and twirling and fading away, bumping against each other but never merging, passing by them with non negligible speed. The wind was blowing into their hair, making their now decently long braid flow upwards, catching each and every wave. The hooves of the horse clicked and clacked on the ground at a fast, but strangely satisfying rhythm. Everything was moving, but they felt as if they were stuck in a little bubble of time, shielded away from the realities of the world. Only *them*, *Techno*, *Carl* in movement, and *nature*.

That's wasn't... That wasn't a *bad* feeling. They could definitely get used to that. Maybe one day Techno would show them how to ride a horse. *Maybe*. If they stayed here long enough. *If*.

Ranboo had a life waiting for them back home, they *knew* it. They couldn't just *abandon* it like that, *could they*? Philza and Technoblade couldn't host and take care of them *forever* either. They'll surely get bored, or tired, of *annoyed* of them. *Surely*. And they just *couldn't* keep being dependent on others forever, even with this whole hybrid *thing*. They'll figure something out. *They have to*.

But, *for now*, the teen chose to push aside all those questions, all those thoughts. For the moment they chose to play stupid and ignore the *obvious*. They'll deal with that when the time comes. For now, they'll just live, taking in every moment, and breathe. It won't be eternal, but they could still enjoy all they can get, *until it's time to leave*.

...

*The phone rings, still unanswered.*

***Unanswered.***

## Chapter End Notes

HI!!! SO SORRY FOR THE WAIT!!!! College started and with having to find a new job (again) and starting said new job, I've just been in way over my head. I've finally managed to finish this chapter tho, after literal weeks of slow AF work, so I'm pretty happy rn!

But yeah, no worries dear readers, this fic is not abandoned!! Just on very a slow update schedule :'). Anyway, don't be hesitate to leave a comment, I always adore hearing your thoughts and feelings about the story, even on more slow and chill chapters like this one!!



## ◆CHAPTER 12: Soft soft adventure time◆

### Chapter Summary

And the adventure begins, for better or for worst.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

I'd been a moment since his last visit to the village.

Sometimes he wished he and Phil had established themselves a bit closer to it, so that visiting could be done more often (and be less *time-eating*, let's not lie). But, honestly, the rest of the time he was glad to be living in their small little commune in the plains. Not so far from everything that it would take an overnight trip to go, but not too near that they couldn't have their little alone time with the silence of nature whenever they wanted. It's not that he didn't *like* people, or hanging out with them, but more so that it was very *exhausting* to him. He got his energy more through alone time, and needed to recharge it often.

For example, he liked to do it with long days spent in his office, nose in his books, words all up in his pen, surrounded by a bunch of research items and with the smell of a nice candle in the air. Or with silent breezy mornings grooming Carl, taking care of the animals, morning dew sticking onto his skin and permeating his nostrils. Or even with evenings on the property, cutting wood for fireplace to keep warm on the colder nights, bringing back in Phil's potted plants when a storm was rolling near, getting some last minutes ingredients from the garden to add to dinner.

The village life wasn't exactly what the humans of nowadays would consider "*fast-paced*" either, but, for the pig hybrid, it kinda was. The constant social aspect once you stepped a foot out of the house, talking and greeting and interacting, the chatter of voices always around the corner, the sounds of steps in the distance, and just the overall very active energy was.. *something*, for sure. To some people, it was heavenly, way more engaging than the quiet, secluded life one had in the wilderness communes. And that was very understandable, most people were wired to need the presence of others in order to function at their maximum. Techno just, *wasn't*. And that was also normal and fine. He had Philza anyway, and that's all he needed most days.

Though, the new addition of Ranboo to their household had kinda made Technoblade catch himself surprised a lot theses past few times.

He couldn't remember a time other than with Phil where he got *that* attached, that fast. And even then, it wasn't *really* the same either.

With Phil, Techno felt more like it was a very mutual companionship that had stemmed from the oldest's mentorship. He'd been so lost and *angry* at the world when the two of them met, all of this time ago. He was very young, and confused, and dealing with many things no one could ever anticipate having to deal with. Phil wasn't that old either, and never really had anyone under his wing yet, not *formally* at least. But when they first met, against every bet the universe could have ever placed, it was like a *de-click* was had. Phil, despite being clumsy and inexperienced, couldn't tear his eyes off Techno once he'd seen him. And Techno, despite even the most basic of his instincts and the screaming in this skull, couldn't help but to accept Phil's open hand every time he'd be presented with it.

It wasn't an *instant* trust, and no big gesture settled them in each other's lives. Instead, it was more of a very slow, very careful buildup of action. A bit on one side, a bit on the other, and, over time, their lives just became so intertwined they decided to join their little communes together, and from there their bond just solidified and twisted and melted to become what it is today. Sure, they both did their share of grandiose, dangerous, and frankly sometimes *stupid* gestures for each other among the big lines of history, sure they had their rough moments, but that was only faraway warm memories at this point. A Phil without a Techno and a Techno without Phil simply *couldn't* be imagined anymore. Even in the littlest of things, smallest of crevices, specks of thoughts, there was the other, however small in presence, but still *there*. And both wouldn't exchange it for the world.

But now, with *Ranboo*, well.

It was definitely *very* different.

And he kinda had an idea of why that was.

Techno had seen it in Phil before, and in many other people before, but never really though *he'd* ever be that kind of person.

The *worrying*, the *alarm bells* ringing in his head when he'd see the kid in pain, the constant *need* to make sure they were okay, safe, secure. The checking in, the *carefullness*, the *gentleness*. Being always worried about if he was doing too much, or not enough, or if he was doing things correctly, or if he really had *any* clue what he was doing. And the fact the moment he stepped in the same room as the teen, all of these thoughts and worries would simply *slip away*, leaving place to another facet of himself he wasn't even aware he had.

He'd always been pretty hyper-aware in general, but it was like that kid just boosted that to 200%, called it on speed-dial, and focused-locked it on them. Not that Techno had never been protective over anyone else before, quite the contrary, he was very protective over the ones he loved, even a bit *too much* over Phil sometimes. But that kid, man... When it came to Phil he at least could leave him on his own and not worry too much, because he knew the man could defend and care for himself a *very* well if needed, and he trusted him in that. But Ranboo... It's like he wanted to do *everything* for them, and he couldn't ever get out of his head the fear of them getting hurt or something happening to them, and it was worse the further apart they were. And the way Ranboo just clung to them every chance they got, seeking every inch of comfort Techno very willingly gave to them, *man...* It just *Did* something to him.

Techno was feeling... *protective*. Like a bird with his flock. Like Phil with his hoard of fosters and honorary childrens. Like when you find a little injured animal. Like an older child to their young and dumb little sibling.

He'd never found *quite* the words to describe it, ironically. Some people would call it parental instinct, some would call it heightened kindness, others just empathy, or even sibling intuition. But none of the examples or descriptions in the world ever felt completely accurate, or quite got the unique vibe of the feeling to him. It was one of those one of a kind thing that everyone got, but was so unique that no one would ever be able to fully put into words. Some people were more predisposed to it, like Phil, and some seemed to just not be made for it, like Techno.

*Or so that was what he thought.*

But now, *here he was*.

Ranboo *always* at the back of his head.

And he wasn't the *slightest* bit mad about it.

...

The sun had started its descent onto the horizon. It wasn't too close to settling for sleep, yet, but the afternoon sure was on its last moments, the evening air creeping in the tiniest bit. And that's when they first saw a glimmer of something in the distance. At first, it didn't seem like much, maybe another set of trees in the distance, a long abandoned settlement, or even the start of a forest. But the closer they got, the clearer it became, and the more it consumed Ranboo's attention.

Growing and growing, soon the edges of the mass sharpened themselves into what they finally recognized as a village, the last of whom started drawing itself clearer and clearer in the landscape.

Colorful houses with intriguing architecture, little fields spread about a bit chaotically, bursting with various crops, smooth bright pathways slinking around in a vaguely planned out way, and, so, so, *so* much color. Flowers, little lights, big lights, funky mailboxes, decorations on houses, decorations on the street lamps, drawings in chalk on the streets, baskets full of fresh produce waiting on doorsteps. And *life*.

*So much life.*

At this point, the little trio were almost at the beginning edge of the village. Techno straightened himself up a bit, slowing Carl's pace down in the same movement. Ranboo, who previously was a lot more relaxed, tightened themselves up a bit more against their counterpart, feeling the apprehension build up in their throat. They could already see some curious heads turning, dragged in by the sound of Carl's hooves clacking against the pathway as they set foot in the village.

*There was so much life here.*

*Hybrids* of all origins and ages, *dogs*, *birds* and *cats*, and *so many* other animals, just waltzing together in harmony among the streets. It was like a scene straight out of a children's book.

Never had Ranboo seen anything *remotely* similar. The animals they usually saw were either domesticated, or completely wild and *terrified* of humans. So seeing them hanging around and going about their daily life as if everything was normal, among a bunch of half-humans, was just truly baffling. I mean, hybrids were in part animal too, which probably had some level of play in it, but most of them still retained a good part of their human traits. This place was certainly *something else*. Nature just seemed so at peace, here. Nothing like in *good old* regular earth.

The teen's train of thoughts was cut short by Carl's sudden stopping, and Techno's head turning around to speak to them.

"Welp, we're here. Just give me a second to get down, I'll help you right after."

They nodded, letting go of the other and watching him swiftly get on the ground and stretch his muscles a bit, offering his arms right after. The teen gladly accepted the help, not too keen on the potential of hurting themselves by trying unmount alone. On the older's advice, they too stretched, biting down a wince when all their joints popped in echo to one another, trying their best to release all the built up tension. Definitely *wasn't* painless, that's for *sure*.

Techno guided Carl to the impressively big field adjoining the building they'd stopped next to. Once it's saddle and the bags on it were taken off, the horse happily trotted off to meet the others of his kind who were relaxing in the grass and under trees. Whoever was taking care of the space didn't do things half-assed, that's for sure. Fresh water, delicious wild grass sprinkled with flowers and unknown plants, tons of different shelter and rest places, tons of varied food sources scattered about. All that in a fenced space that was seemingly gigantic and ever growing. The fence was quite well maintained even, a bit weathered and aged, but clearly cared for and thought of still.

Techno waved a little goodbye to his companion, and then signaled Ranboo to follow him. They walked to the entrance of the building to which the field was linked, where a suspended sign reading "*The sheep's Haven: Bed and Breakfast*" greeted them, along with a brightly decorated large wooden door. With a gentle swing, the door gave way, a melodic bell ring announcing their presence as they stepped foot inside.

A medium sized entryway greeted them first, couches full of blankets and pillow and coffee tables speckled with mugs and books to the left. In the middle, a modest staircase disappearing in the ceiling. And, to the left, a closed off counter guarding a door, some drawers, a big cork board full of keys, a rather comfy looking chair, and a journal and some papers sprawled on the piece of counter in front of it. The whole room was crowded in potted and hanging plants of all kinds, who were very much enjoying the natural light from the big windows on the left side of the room. The walls were a nice basil green, which paired incredibly with the dark hardwood floor, itself adorned various light colored fluffy rugs. Oh, and the nice cute little "*Welcome!*" mat they were standing on, just on the other side of the main door.

Ranboo, still immersed in their viewing of the new environment, did not notice the door behind the counter open, or the unknown figure emerging out of it, until a new voice entered their ear and made them jump and grab onto Techno's arm on instinct.

"Hello, Welcome to Sheep's Haven, how can I!— Oh! Hello Techno! It's been so long!"

Now behind the counter, hands on hips, stood the stranger. Big, curly, fluffy, white hair billowed around her, clinging onto an impressive pair of curved beige horns, a red bandana behind them trying it's best to contain the mass. Two equally white and fuzzy folded ears flickered absentmindedly amongst it. The stranger was wearing a white, short sleeved, loose blouse tucked into a brown corset with golden accents, who in turn tucked into a hardy-looking pair of dark brown pants. Gold jewelry cohabited with silver in various forms on the person, from earrings to waist chains. Finally, a round face, pale but well lived and full of adventure scars, wore a pink little nose who connected in a smile. Large green eyes with that unique sheep pupil glimmered their way, which quite intimidated them, however.

"Puffy!" This time, it was Techno's voice in the air. "It has been a long time, hasn't it?"

Ah, so Puffy was her name. That was a nice name. They watched her quickly walk to open the end of the counter opposite to the chair, and practically rush out of it to crush Techno into a hug. That's when the youngest one noticed her legs. As white and curly as her hair, her legs bended and shaped in a unarguably sheep-like way, and ended with a pair of shiny, two toed, brown hooves. So, sheep hybrid. *Definitely*. Noted!

Ranboo, who had taken a step back when puffy went in to hug Techno, was standing awkwardly to the side when they finally felt the new one's eyes lay on them. Piercing, analysing, curious. *New*.

"Oh! And who would this be?"

The hunched teenager fidgeted with their fingers nervously, looking to the side, then at Techno, then to another side, back and forth, back and forth. A big familiar arm met his side and brought them into Techno's side, the older's hand already up in their hair reassuringly.

"They're Ranboo, brought them back from the earth realm not too long ago. Been staying with us in the commune, Phil's been helping me learn this whole support home thing."

"Wait, Techno, you're their support person?? Well color me surprised. Phil better watch out, you'll end up stealing his title!"

Puffy let out a hearty laugh, gently slapping Techno's shoulder. Or more like, the side of his arm. Compared to Techno, she was quite small. Smaller than Phil, that's for sure. The pig hybrid let out a false indignant huff, trying to hide the small grin on his face. Ranboo melted more into his side, still unsure.

"Well, happy to meet you Ranboo! Hope you'll have a good time here, it's quite a nice little town if I say so myself. You're both right in time for the weekly night market, it's on tonight! Of you're not too tired, that's for sure." A smile the teen's way and a squeeze on Techno's arm, and she was back behind the counter, picking up and handing them a key. "There ya go! Hope ya like the room, we recently redecorated them with Foolish and Nicky, it was a blast!"

The pinkette took the key gently, thanking puffy, and promising to stop by to chat and have a cup of tea later in the week.

As they walked up the stairs, Ranboo couldn't help but to think that this trip was certainly about to be.. *something*. Oh god, what have they gotten themselves into?

## Chapter End Notes

HELLO DEAR READERS I AM ALIVE!! COLLEGE AND WORK HAVE BEEN BEATING MY ASS (and also seasonal depression with a sprinkle of health problems) BUT THE GRIND CONTINUES!!!

Y'all are not ready for when I get into winter break and start dropping chapters 2 times a week again like I used to do skhslwhsksns

Hope y'all enjoyed the chapter, leave me ur thoughtssss, thanksss!!!!

## ◆CHAPTER 13: Golden guy and the chaos duo◆

### Chapter Summary

Dadnoblade and Rankid prepare to go to the festival, While a very loud duo keep a very Gold guy occupied

!! CW: Mentions of body dysmorphia, mentions of gender dysphoria !!

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Laughter hung in the air, as two young figures ran around the still setting-up market. The clopping of hooves and a higher pitched voice chased a roaring brash one with sharp talons, banter tossed around like a game of ball. They ran circles around the market, slaloming between stands and people without a care, much to the amused annoyance of the vendors, trying not to get distracted from their tasks by the two bickering boys.

"Tommy, please, braids would look so great on you! I promise I'm totally not going to try dying your hair green like last time!" A snicker escaped the shorter of the two.

"Tubbo, respectfully, I call bullshit!!"

Despite the apparent rude tone slung his way, the other one couldn't help but to let out a string of loud laughs.

"Pleaseeeee tommy!! That was only one time!! You'd look so great! The great Technoblade would definitely find it cool for sure."

"Wait. **TECHNO'S IN TOWN?!???**"

The taller one of the two stopped abruptly, causing the other one to roughly ram into him, bringing them both to the ground in a loud crashing of limbs. Not seeming to give it any mind, the blonde immediately got back to his feet, helping his friend in suite, not without a string of light hearted expletives shoved his way, of course

"You tell me you knew the blade was in town and didn't tell me earlier???? How am I meant to be ready to impress him with how cool and big of a man I am with this short of a notice?? Oh Tubbo, this is a *disaster*!"

Hereafter named Tubbo erupted into a chirpy laughter, almost falling down again. A tall, golden figure trying to set up shop not too far away approached them, interrupting the blonde from starting up into another of his tirades of swears directed at his still laughing friend.

"Hey boys! Hyped for tonight I see!" The cheery high voice caught their attention, both heads spinning around at the same time. Said voice never failed to clash with the impressive muscled mass that was their newfound interlocutor, not that it seemed to phase the blonde very much. Said blonde, known as Tommy, practically launched himself at the giant, whining in an overly sweet sugary exaggerated fashion.

"*Oh Foolish!* If you knew! My day was going so well, charming the women, saving the town, being awesome, as usual, but now no longer! Tubbo cruelly failed to mention the arrival of the one, the ultimate, *the blade!* In this village! Oh, so cruel! How am I meant to impress him with so little time on my hands? Sabotage I tell you, *sabotage!!*"

Tubbo lost it once more, falling to the ground, practically rolling around in hysterical laughter.

"And now he laughs at my demise! Look how evil! My own best friend, betraying me like this, can you believe it!?"

Full of dramatics, the blonde clenched his fist in the air, a hand on the heart. The gold one chuckled, ever so amused by the duo's regular overdramatism.

" Yeah, I've heard he's just arrived barely a couple hours ago, Puffy told me when I stopped over for late lunch and tea earlier."

Tommy gasped, wide eyes, amping up the acting even more.

"You knew too? An accomplice to Tubbo's terrible *sinister* plans! Oh, the betrayal! It hurts!"

Falling to his knees, he clutched a hand to a non-existent string of pearls, head hung down, gripping the grass with his other hand. The giant let out a clear and honest laugh, crouching to give the youngest's back an honest few pats of empathy.

" To be fair, he arrived like, barely a few hours ago, in the beginning of the afternoon. Didn't even think anyone else would be aware of it, but honestly am not surprised Tubbo already knows, I swear that little thing is like a mouse, hears everything."

That comment gained him a fairly offended "*hey!*" shouted from a brunette still lying on the ground.

" Apparently he came with someone else, tall kid, looking around your age. Both are probably gonna come around, see the market tonight, you guys should try being friendly and welcoming them here! Heard they're a bit shy tho, so careful, play nice."

The two teens, picking themselves off the ground, responded almost in unison.

"We're always super careful!!"

Rolling his eyes, the taller one smirked, and turned to walk away."

"Tell that to Puffy's *flowerbeds*, all thoses poor little squished flowers don't seem to be thinking the same!"

Offended gasps and rang out, followed closely by a "*It was an accident!!!*" being thrown out, much to the amusement of an already walking away Foolish.

...

Looking out the room's window, the pastel tones of a to-be setting sun painted the skies. Pale oranges and purples sneaking up on the horizon, reflecting on sparse clouds, dispersing themselves across the vast space. It all looked so peaceful, unaware of the world and stories it held underneath its immensity. To reach such a level of calm must be a thing unique to nature, with how unachievable to sentient life it seemed. Or at least to how unachievable it seemed to *them*.

Ranboo turned around, cutting off the circle of thoughts before it began. Another day maybe, but today they had to stay as clear headed as they could. Later on, with techno they were going to this market thingy the lady at the front desk had mentioned. The oldest had said the teen could stay in their room while he went for a short time, or stay with the teen and not go entirely if they weren't feeling well, but that wouldn't fly with them. The youngest had insisted they both go, dead set on not making themselves more of a burden to Technoblade, who he had already been giving so much trouble to. It's just one outing, one night, one time. They could do this. *They had to do this.*

Walking back to their bag, doing their best to ignore the full length mirror staring through them at the other side of the room, the teen started looking for some nice clothes to wear. The clothes they wore to ride in were very comfy, but not the most presentable ones, *per say*. The choice wasn't big, having only brought along a small sample of their already cut down wardrobe, but in this case they were pretty grateful, the easier decision helping alleviate some of their stress. They picked up a simple comfortable black long puffed sleeves, bow-tie collared blouse, a maxi pleated forest green skirt in a nice mixed natural fibers fabric, and some cute black-dyed leather strappy sandals. Phil had custom made them for them when it became evident the new structure of their feet (*paws?*) would not allow their shoes from before to be used anymore. They'd only brought along their clear quartz pendant necklace and a delicate pair of small golden hoops, as to keep their carry-on light.

The teen twirled a bit, enjoying the nice swaying of the skirt. Clothing had always been important to them, a way to express their true self, to have fun, even as a form of escapism. The last one ringing especially strong lately. They've always dealt with some form of body dysmorphia, for as long as they could remember, with the previous worse periods being speckled in the beginning of their teenage years, but none could compare to the one they were experiencing ever since this whole hybrid thing began. Sure, they knew how to deal with it, in theory, but it. It was just on a *whole* other level. The mere thought of having to confront their reflection, see the thing they became, are still becoming...

*It was all just too much.*

So they dressed up, focused on the fabrics, the colors, the cuts, the comfortable and familiar textures and shapes, the beauty they held in their eyes. It was everything they were not, everything they could *never* be. They even felt a bit bad, playing with their sleeves, for how much their hands, these long and bony and clawed and patchy atrocities, were distracting from the delicate details, the small stripe of lace on the end of the sleeves. They were so soft and intricate and perfect, everything they strived to be but could never achieve.

But it was okay.

It *had* to be okay.

So they'll continue focusing on pretty clothing and not messing everything up. And avoiding mirrors. Because they didn't want to see what was happening on the other side. It would only hinder their survival. They didn't need to see it. They didn't need it. And that was how it had to be. It was better, this way.

A soft knock on the door.

Waiting one, two, three, four, *fi-*

“Hullooo.” Greeted Techno, entering the room.

He also changed from his riding clothes, donning a white poet blouse, clean cut black pants held with a gently crafted detailed leather belt (probably another one of Phil’s creation, if the youngest went by the similarities in stylisation to their own sandals), his full ensemble of golden jewelry, and his signature red cape, the fancy one that Ranboo knew to also be insanely comfortable. His hair was held in an intricate loose braid, which let shine through the stack of jewelry on both of his long ears, the iconic emerald pendant on one of them bringing warmth to the teen’s heart.

The enderian hybrid gave him a small smile.

“Want me to do your hair?” Proposed the oldest. “Might be more practical, It’s probably gonna be a bit breezy later on tonight.”

Ranboo nodded, trying to hold their enthusiasm back a bit. They sat on the edge of the bed, the other following right after. They completely melted the second Techno started working on their hair, brushing them first to be sure they were at optimal braid-making condition. The feeling of the other Hybrid’s warm hands working delicately through their hair, ever so caring, that’s something they never could get tired of. *Or deserved.*

“Your hair grows super fast kid, damn. Like, mine grows fast, but yours on a whole other level. If you ever wanna trim it a bit tell me, I’ll hit up Niki, I owe her dinner anyway, might be a good excuse to invite her over and make sure she can’t refuse again.”

Techno chuckled a bit to himself, the details of why unknown to Ranboo, but them guessing it probably had to do with history between them in this unknown “*Niki*” person. Despite their apparently lengthy hair, Techno was done quickly, his hands used to the repetitive movements and techniques of braid-making, and to the youngest’s biggest disappointment his hands finally left their hair free. Ranboo took the braid in their hands, admiring the quality of the work, and feeling around a bit to make a mental image of what it looked like. It started on the right side of their hair, and slowly deviated to the left, capturing most of their hair, and then falling nicely on their shoulder. The monochromatic patterns of it almost brought a full smile to the teen’s face, the familiarity of it bringing a bit of comfort to them. at least they’ll never have to worry about having to touch up their dye, bleach, or even tone it anymore!

“Thank you, it’s really pretty.”

Techno gave them a pat on the head, getting back up. He stood there a bit awkwardly, more than normally at least, before clearing his throat.

“I uh, have something for you, if you want it.”

He handed over to Ranboo something of familiar shape. They took it, opening it up and analyzing it. *A facemask*. Split down the middle, white on their left, black to their right. The straps were made of nice deep purple ribbons, making it easy to adjust.

“I just thought, y’know, since you have troubles with your face an’ stuff, maybe you’d like it better? Since we’re gonna be around a bunch of people an’ all too. I came up with the idea, but Phil sewed it since y’know i’m not really good with that kinda thin-”

The oldest was cut short in his awkward little ramble by the teen practically slamming into them, wrapping their arms around him. Techno took back his balance, and returned the hug, a gentle smile painting itself on his face, unknown to the other. His eyes wandered to the window, gaze settling of the pastels strewn across the landscape. *His mind was calm, in this instant.*

...

The festival roared to life as the sun burned the horizon. Chatter filled the air as hybrids of all origins filtered in, dressed in all kinds of colorful fabrics, adorned in jewelry, some with carefully painted faces, others with lovingly styled hair. Stalls lined the town square, equally bright and shiny, each decorated and filled to the brim with items unique to their own. Multicolored streamers hung above them, lining the paths, floating gently in the light breeze. Garlands of dried seasonal flowers and plants could be spotted at the corner of every path, bringing a nice scent to the air. But, what caught Ranboo’s attention the most was something else entirely.

Hundreds of tiny little *lights*, suspended in the air a bit everywhere in the air, swaying, twirling, and dancing around freely. Out of all the supernatural stuff they’ve witnessed so far,

this one, despite being so simple, was definitely their favorite. They watched in awe as some of them made their way over, circling around them, tickling their skin, playing in their hair. To even more of their amazement, vague whispers and giggles fluttered to the teen's ears, seemingly coming from said lights. They held up a finger, ignoring the guttural disgust that came from seeing their hands, and gently grazed one of them, which proceeded to twirl happily around it. The little lights finally flew away, rejoining their companions back up in the air.

A chuckle drew Ranboo's attention back down to earth. Technoblade was looking at them, an amused smirk vaguely hidden on his face. The teen felt their own face heat up a bit, hanging down their head a bit in light embarrassment.

"They seem to like you. That's a good sign"

The teen nodded, content with that information. Techno guided them both into the market, offering his arm for Ranboo to hold onto and feel safer, which they gladly accepted.

The amount of people was quite a bit stressful, never had been good with crowds before, but the fact all of them were also hybrids did help alleviate some stress about their own appearance. Techno's shirt was quite soft, they thought, gently grazing the fabric with the pad of their thumb. It distracted them a bit, so much that they did not notice the pink haired one guiding them both to a stall where a very tall man was enthusiastically waving at them.

"Techno!! Long time no see man!!!"

The loud voice made the teen jump a bit, instinctively wrapping their tail around Technoblade's leg, eyes darting up towards the source of the voice.

A frankly gigantic hunk of a man was looking at them both, big happy grin made of dangerously sharp looking teeth, not too unlike Ranboo's, plastered on his face. His skin was golden, reflecting the surrounding lights. He had beautiful, equally golden curls cascading down on his shoulders, and a large fin protruding out from the top of his head, leaning towards the back. He was draped in intricately embroidered silks, rich looking beaded jewelry, and swirly glowing tattoos. Peeking behind him, a long shark-like tail was gently swaying, equally golden in tone, and also covered in riches. Completely emerald green in color eyes scanned the duo, vertical thin pupils slightly unsettling to the teen.

Techno took a step forward, strongly shaking the man's stretched out hand. *Oh gods*, even techno's giant hands looked regular sized in comparison to the new figure.

"Foolish! Been a while yeah!"

The oldest's voice was a bit brasher than Ranboo was used to, but it seemed quite enthusiastic, so they guessed it must be a good sign. After retrieving his hand, he placed it on his hip.

" This is Ranboo, but I'm guessing Puffy has already spilled the beans, knowing her."

Ranboo waved shyly, feeling very seen all of a sudden. The new guy, Foolish, gave them a softer smile, which was a bit reassuring.

"Aw man, how do you always know theses things? But yeah, you're totally right. Glad to meet you Ranboo! Hope you'll have a good time here, everyone is real nice I promise!"

The ender hybrid nodded, mouthing a soft "Thank you". A small smile broke through, though it was hidden by their mask. Ranboo liked the mask a lot, it was very comfortable, Phil was a good sewist.

Techno chuckled. "Let me guess, the other two already know too? My bets are on Tubbo being the one who found out."

A loud, bright laugh escaped the golden one.

"Oh man! Right on the money! Oh do you even know theses things?? I'll never get bored of this."

"Eh, y'know, just a lucky guess."

The smirk on Techno's face hinted that it was, in fact, not that much of a lucky guess. Something caught Foolish's eyes, and he let out a sigh.

"Oh god, we summoned them."

Ranboo turned their head just in time to see two figures running their way, evidently bickering, and tackling each other face first into the ground right in front of Techno, loud voices coming together into a;

"HELLO TECHNOBLADE!!!!!!!"

Ranboo's ears hurt from the amount of decibels that produced. Oh lord, this was going to be. An encounter.

*That's for sure.*

## Chapter End Notes

HI!!!! I AM NOT DEAD SORRY I DROPPED OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH!!!! College murdered me at the end of last semester, and I had to take the entirety of winter break to recover, and then the new semester started up and I got swiped back into all that.

Hope you liked this chapter tho!!!! Can't guarantee when the next one is going to be, but be assured I'm still working on this fic! Thanks for sticking with me!

## ◆CHAPTER 14: New faces, warm and cold◆

### Chapter Summary

Tw for this chapter: derealization, paranoia/hallucinations and unintentionally s/h. I've put a reminder of the the warning right before the part that contains them, if needed.

....

New faces, or, in this chapter our akward little pal learns how to people, but the world doesn't reward them for it, quite the opposite.

### Chapter Notes

HI GUYS SORRY IT'S BEEN SO LONG LMAO!!! The AO3 author curse is real. I've been busy over my head with balancing two jobs this summer, balancing goign full time at collège on top of working a lot, a death in the family, and having to deal with a quickly worsening chronic illness :')))). I still am goign to keep up the garbage uploading schedule, but hopefully i won't take months to upload anymore lmao

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo was currently reconsidering ever agreeing to tag along to this trip.

A smaller hand was holding onto the edge of their sleeve, dragging them along with surprising force. The offender was small, stubs alluding to former horns protruding out of a fluffy brown haired mess, hiding mischievous eyes. Said figure, grinning from ear to ear, presented himself as ‘Tubbo’ and was, as far as Ranboo could make it out, some form of a goat hybrid. The characteristically bent and hooved legs and the small fluffy tail on him certainly gave the hint to Ranboo.

His blond counterpart, who had very loudly proclaimed himself as “Tommy, the biggest and strongest man ever”, seemed to be some sort of avian hybrid, but definitely not the same kind as Phil.

Where Phil’s wings were gigantic (both wings as tall as him and triple his size when extended), dark as night, shiny, and hella powerful, Tommy’s were quite the opposite.

Smaller, spanning from the back of his neck to a little lower than his knees, they were a vibrant red color, as loud as the boy himself, with a light wash of soft ashy gray at the ends and edges. The talons that were in place of his feet were also very different to Phil's: smaller, thinner and somewhat daintier, but incredibly agile and rapid, if the boy's shenanigans were anything to go by.

Their two ~~kidnappers~~ new personal guides to the village were chatting loudly about where to bring Ranboo and what to show them, seemingly oblivious to the newcomer's quiet fidgeting and wary looks. The blonde turned around, arms crossed on his back, icy blue piercing through Ranboo's soul (or at least it felt like it).

"So!!! The name's Ranboo's, right?" They nodded. "Ranboo, Ranboo, Ranboo.. Weird name, but okay! So,—"

"And *Technoblade* isn't a weird name?" Ranboo interrupted, gaining a chuckle from the brunette, who was looking at the exchange over his shoulder.

"Details, details" Tommy waved away Ranboo's commentary.

"To be fair, most everyone here has weird names." Added Tubbo.

"Anyway!!! If I can continue—"

"**No.**"

Tubbo looked at Tommy with a shit-eating grin, clearly proud of his joke, and the blonde gave him the most murderous look he could muster.

" ANYWAY!!! My pal, my friend, my man, Ranboo, ho—"

Ranboo cringed. "Oh, ah, actually, I prefer neutral terms and pronouns. Please."

"Oh, sorry!!! Me and Tubs usually lead with the good ol' pronouns question, but I guess we got a bit too hyped. I use he/him btw! If you ever need help with gender affirming stuff and all that jazz, Niki is the place go to. I go to her often, she knows all 'bout that stuff and she's super nice."

"Oh! Techno mentioned her earlier today to me."

Tubbo butted in. "Yeah, we can show you her and Jack's community center/cafe before you leave!! I don't mind any pronouns but my faves right now are he/they"

"All noted. The cafe/community thingy sounds nice."

"**ANYYYWAYYYYYY!!!!**" Tommy waved his arms wildly in the air. "I *need* to know! How did you manage to get the blade under your thumb like that???? I've never seen them so soft before!! The blade Ranboo!! *The blade* !!!!!!"

Tommy continued spouting vague questions, laced with admiration and intensity, and mentions here and there of events and people foreign to them. Ranboo would've called it what it was, fanboy behavior, if they weren't absolutely terrified of the blonde teenager. *Aaand* every single person in this village, to be fair. To say all these new people heightened their anxiety would be the understatement of the century. One thing did stick from Tommy's blabberings, something about Techno being a feared warrior. Definitely something they'd have to ask about later. And definitely not now, Ranboo was currently very much enjoying having to only provide brief responses while letting the duo chat, bicker and fill in the conversation by themselves.

At some point, the brunette broke a couple decibel volume laws and Ranboo got to witness Tommy tackle Tubbo to the side and into the grassy ground with an almost ironically loud "TUBBO SHUT UP!!!!". Both teens devolved into a laughing mess, playfully wrestling each other in the fresh grass. As Ranboo watched them, a strange sense of endearment came over them, and the crack of a smile made itself a place on their face. It was nice watching the duo.

Both like them in a way, , unusual, non-humans, living in this strange place, hybrids. *Young*. But they didn't look sad or distressed or homesick. They looked *happy*.

The smile on Ranboo's face cracked into a badly quieted laugh when Tubbo called Tommy a "big stupid tomato-looking fucker", and suddenly both blue and hazel looks were planted on Ranboo, mouths agape.

"DID YOU **LAUGH**?" both said, in such a unison it was worth pondering if they suddenly melded minds.

Ranboo exploded into a crystalline fit of laughter, doubling over, arms crossed on their stomach. Excited ramblings exploded for the duo as their tall new friend laughed like they had just remembered how to for the first time in forever. Which wasn't exactly false. Their lungs burned and their eyes stung from the small tears in their corners, but they couldn't mind less, engulfed in the euphoria of their fit of laughter, accompanied by their two new ..

New...

Friends?

Friends.

They felt more human than they ever had in that moment.

They closed their eyes and took a deep breath.

**Happy.**

...

*Whistles in the wind*

*Humming a familiar tune*

*Whistles in the wind*

*Calling to a familiar name*

*Whistles in the wind*

*Bright blue engulfed by emptiness*

*Calling...*

*Calling...*

...

Ranboo shook their head, pulling back to reality. *Strange.*

A good chunk of time had passed, and they had somehow found themselves flanked with Tommy and Tubbo. Both were blabbering on about a subject Ranbu completely lost track of, using the taller one as a head rest. The sun had long set and they were sitting on the grass, surrounded by various food items, presumably from the market. Little lights prevented them from total darkness, and reflected nicely on the flower crowns now present on all their heads. Ranboo adjusted their mask, and took the same breath their own crown. They couldn't remember when they'd all acquired them, but the flowers were very pretty and fresh. A yawn escaped them.

The chatter of the market was quieter than before, but some laughs and calm conversations could still be heard. The long grass swished calmly in the breeze, and while listening to it Ranboo heard the sounds of footsteps rustling it, approaching. They turned their head towards the source, and a small smile appeared on their face. Holding his red cape in hand, a tired smile greeting them back, was Techno walking towards them. Ranboo waved his way, capturing the attention of his newfound friends, who also turned around to find this new point of attention.

"Techno!!!!" Both greeted him, waving frantically, still sitting down.

The oldest chuckled, waving back at them all.

" Hello children, didn't traumatize Ranboo too much?"

Offended exclamations from Tommy and laughter from Tubbo answered Techno, the last of which put a hand on his hip and sighed, amused smile on his face. His attention turned to Ranboo, eyes caring and soft.

" They didn't cause you too much trouble?"

" No, at all, I had a lot of fun. I'm glad you brought me."

" Anytime."

"**SOFTTT!!**" Tommy was now up, pointing an accusing finger at the eldest, shit eating grin on face.

"I'm not soft." Protested Techno, eyes rolling, arms crossed.

"**YES YOU AREEEEE!!**"

Him and Tommy started bickering, which was quite amusing to Ranboo. It was like watching two siblings, insults thrown lighthearted by tone, malice absent from the words. It was nice seeing this other side of Techno, made him seem younger than usual in a good way. Tubbo got up, and so did the third teen, gently dusting off grass from their skirt. A long yawn escaped them, and they instinctively covered their mouth with their hand, despite the inutility of the gesture. Feeling how far their mouth opened now still made their skin crawl, a bitter

reminder that despite feeling better, they still weren't and couldn't ever feel fully human or normal ever again, bound to the monstrosity of their new form. Their mouth closed with a firm click, closing the thought forcefully with it, shoving it back in between rows and rows of serrated teeth. A large warm hand on their shoulder brought their attention towards.

"Ready to go crash down?" Techno's knowing look pierced through the teen, warming them up instantly. They nodded. Ranboo frowned when the hand left, and they quickly grabbed it mid air, in search of the comforting warmth again. Their eyelids were heavy, and the world was slowly getting quieter, blurred at the edges.

They vaguely heard Tommy's voice yelling something about techno being soft again, and the rumbles of techno's answer felt nice, the words otherwise lost to them already. The chilly night breeze soon was replaced by soft sheets and creaky floorboards, the hand holding theirs leaving and going up to undo their braid. Soon, even the quietest noises were lost on them, sleep quickly setting in.

...

***[Tw: derealization, paranoia/hallucinations and unintentionally s/h for the parts coming]***

*Icy breaths, filling the room, biting down on fresh skin*

*Echo of a name oh so familiar yet unintelligible*

*Jolting up, neck crushed by the caliginous hands of night, alert*

*The window is open.*

*Ringling, ringling*

*But the room is empty?*

*Ringling, ringling*

*Scouring the shadows in between the wood grooves*

*Ringling, calling.*

## Calling?

*Shadows, shadows, shadows*

## Staring from too many eyes

*Scrambling, scrambling,*

*Locked door.*

...

*Locked door lock door locked door locked door locked door locked door locked door locked  
door locked door locked door locked door locked door locked door locked door locked door  
locked door locked door locked door locked door locked door locked door locked door locked door  
locked door locked door locked door locked—*

*A slimy mass sliding up bony shoulders.*

*Caught.*

*Cold nails skewering themselves in,*

[illegible]

*Draining, taking, taking*

### *Metallic smells*

*Blurred senses,*

*Calling.*

*Calling..*

*Calling...*

*A name*

*"Li— "*

....

*" **Ranboo !!!!**"*

Warm hands wrapped themselves around the teen's face, pushing their mouth open and freeing a hand from it, tucking it gently away. A strange wailing sound echoed in the room. Vibrating through the air, through their chest? Gentle shushing before them, and strong arms brought them in. The teen froze, teeth clacking back in together. The noise stopped. They tried wiggling out of the grasp, pleading to be spared, pleading to be left alone, pleading for *life*. The arms didn't let go, but a familiar voice rang, running a hand through their hair. Concentrating on the voice, the hybrid finally managed to decipher it.

"It's okay 'Boo, it's me, Techno. It'll be okay. I'm there. Just concentrate on breathing, it'll all be fine. It's just me, it's Techno."

Vision clearing, they tempted an eye upwards, and were met by bright red eyes filled with worry. **Techno.**

Ranboo burst into sobs, and clung into the other, trying to bury themselves into the oldest as much as physically possible. The sizzling on their cheeks made them hiss, but didn't stop them from crying even harder. A soft hand rubbed their back and petted their hair in

alternance with one hand, and maintained them steady with the other hand. Wracked by the outburst, they found their way on the older hybrid's lap, curled in his chest, face pressed in the fabric of what they assumed to be one of Techno's sleep shirts. The fabric was soft and smelled of both Philza's homemade laundry soap and of Techno. Everything *hurt*, and they still could feel the horrible creature lurking around, piercing them through from the shadows. Their heart raced on, making steadying their breath to techno's encouragements more difficult, but eventually achievable.

Wiping away leftover tears with his thumb, Techno looked at his protégée's face, trying to assess their state, unable to hide his concern.

"Let's get you fixed up a bit, okay?" His voice did not hold the casual nonchalant vibe it usually did. Ranboo nodded weakly, still holding onto the other. Lifting them up and onto their bed, making them realize in the process the fact they were not in said bed. They reluctantly let go after multiple promises of return and an opened light switch. Watching the door with anguish the whole waiting time, they muffled their anxious twitches in a pillow, occasionally biting into it to help soothe their overwhelmed brain. As per promised, Techno came back, a jug of water and first aid supplies in hand.

"Here, give me your hand."

The teen lifted a trembling hand toward. Trembling? *Oh*.

In a demi-circle, red and bright, were the clear imprints of their own sets of teeth. They had punctured far past the sparkled white and black skin, in a gross display of force and sharpness. Repressing a recoil, they averted their eyes, but the image of the crude sight was imprinted behind their eyelids. A gag almost escaped them, clearly noticed by their eldest. The pinglin hybrid gently caressed their forearm with one hand, bringing a bit of comfort back while they were cleaning up and preparing Ranboo's hand for bandages.

The whispers of the dream floated back at the back of their mind, distorting into some of the teen's own thoughts of the moment. What a cruel reminder after such a nice evening. They felt the eyes on them again, a souvenir rather than a reality this time, but no less disturbing. The cold breeze from the window made them shiver, and they squeezed the pillow a bit more with their free hand.

"There you go kid, now if you won't mind me touching your face I'll put some burn cream on okay?"

Oh yeah, it's true, the tears. They're water. **Water** burns now.

Ranboo absentmindedly nodded, turning back to Techno and closing their eyes. The older's hands were rough, lathered with labor, scars and stories, but still so gentle and careful. They hissed at the initial contact of the cold skin against the fresh burns on their cheeks, but didn't move, letting the other work quietly. The breeze made them shiver again, and they hugged the pillow. It didn't seem to do much, and the shivers kept going, morphing into a light trembling.

"Could you close the window please..? It's cold..."

A moment of silence.

"The window is already closed 'boo.."

Opening their eyes and looking to the side, they witnessed that the window was, indeed, closed. Techno's hands left their face, grabbing a towel he brought over.

"Oh."

The trembling got stronger.

The hands came back, bringing the youngest into a hug, gently petting their hair. The room got blurry again, and the breeze seemed to find itself stronger, directly against their bones.

"It's okay, I'm here."

The gentle voice was a bit softer, a bit muffled by the noise in their mind, but still helpful. They leaned into the hug, seeking any ounce of comfort they could get. The pain in their hand and face suddenly made itself sharp and known, Thanks to the adrenaline finally calming down. Ranboo let out a soft whine, and Techno brought them in closer. The latter was saying comforting words the teen wouldn't process, but the rumbling of his voice through his chest was nice. Closing their eyes again, they cuddled in closer, holding on tightly.

As the world faded again, only one thing was ringing in Ranboo's mind

A name..

Familiar, strange, uncomfortable

A name.

Their name?

No, it can't be right.

It called.

"Li——?"

...

*Papers rested on the wooden flooring. Dark and cramped, the air in the small space was quite dusty.*

*Long forgotten, they rested.*

*Long forgotten, they waited.*

*Steps entered, the first pair in a while.*

*A hand reached, and suddenly they were grabbed and exposed to the sun.*

*The hand was gentle, brushing them clear with a couple swipes*

"What are you doing there little things? Better bring you with me, I think I know a nice someone that may have some use of you."

*Great black wings as dark as the darkest of inks cut a hole through the fabric of reality, and the little papers knew they were no longer lost nor forgotten.*

## Chapter End Notes

Once again thank you for reading this, hope you liked it, and don't be shy to leave a comment, I absolutely adore them every time <3

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!